

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, FEBRUARY, 1845.

LIGHT-HOUSE NEAR CALDWELL'S LANDING.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE engraving is beautiful. To enjoy it, however, we must linger over it; not to scan its design or its execution, but to arouse those trains of thought and modes of feeling which it is calculated to excite. Its background, of mountain on mountain, is sublime, and well calculated to fire the mind of the poet with wild and majestic views, and fill his heart with emotions of the grand and the beautiful. To the merchant, in whom the cold calculations of business and age have chilled the ardor of youthful fancy, the middle-ground may be most attractive, awakening, by its sails and steam, ideas of profitable bargains, and accumulated wealth, while to the geologist, foreground, background, and middle-ground, will alike fill the imagination with splendid exhibitions of granite, felspar, gneiss, alluvion, fossil remains, and heaving volcanoes. The historian will fix his eye on a few spots, particularly one on the right and another on the left, which are associated with most thrilling recollections.

Verplanck's Point, exhibited on the right in the background of the picture, was for sometime, during the Revolution, the head-quarters of General Washington. It is thus described in the translation of Chastellux:

"The American camp here presented the most beautiful and picturesque appearance. It extended along the plain on the neck of land formed by the winding of the Hudson, and had a view of this river to the south. Before it the lofty mountain, covered with wood, formed the most sublime background that painting could express. In the front of the tents was a regular continued portico, formed by the boughs of the trees in full verdure, decorated with much taste and fancy. Opposite the camp, and on a distant eminence, stood the tents of several of the general officers, over which towered predominant that of Washington. I had seen all the camps in England, from many of which drawings and engravings have been taken; but this was truly a subject worthy of the first artist. The French camp, during their stay at Baltimore, was

decorated in the same manner. At the camp at Verplanck's Point we distinctly heard the morning and evening gun of the British at Knightsbridge."

The hill surmounted by the light-house, called Stony Point, is celebrated for one of the most brilliant actions of the Revolutionary war. In 1779 it was a strong military post, guarded by about six hundred British troops. General Wayne was deputed, with twelve hundred men, to attempt its capture. On the fifteenth of July he set out on the undertaking. Having halted within a mile or two of the fort, and made the preliminary arrangements for the attack, he marched his troops onward in profound silence and regular order, with guns unloaded and bayonets fixed. To reach the fort they were under the necessity of wading, waist deep, through a swamp, by which it was protected. As they were emerging and advancing, a tremendous fire from the British artillery and musketry spread death along the van-guard. Of the twenty picked men who guarded the front, only three survived. As the Americans were entering the fort, a musket-ball cut a wound in the forehead of the gallant officer in command, which stunning him, brought him to the ground. From the position of the wound, he supposed it would prove fatal; but rising on one knee, he cried out, in a firm and loud voice, "Forward, my brave fellows, forward!" Then addressing one of his aids, who was near, he said in a subdued tone, "Assist me: if I die, I will die in the fort." The wound, however, proved superficial, and in a short time was entirely healed. The triumph of the Americans was perfect. They took the surviving soldiers of the fort, who surrendered at discretion, and a large quantity of military stores, which were almost indispensable to them for the further prosecution of the war. The victory, however, was dearly purchased; for more than one hundred valuable lives on the American side were lost in the engagement. The loss of the British was about sixty. The bravery and skill displayed in this action by the gallant commander of the American forces, were appreciated by Washington, and rewarded by Congress.

Original.

THE FEARFULNESS OF REBELLION.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

ALTHOUGH mildness and forbearance are the characteristic features of the Messiah's government, yet mercy, when slighted or abused, will retire and leave justice, with its unsheathed sword, to do its awful work. To illustrate this important truth is the object of the present communication.

An inspired apostle has declared, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." The inquiry now before us is, has it been such in days that are past? Has the mute chronicler of earth's history recorded on its truthful scroll the evidence corroborating this declaration? We need not seek beyond the limits of inspiration for a most full and satisfactory answer to this question. The dashing waves of the deluge, as they beat against the wild heights of the mountains, in the majestic terror of universal desolation, is not the first affirmative response borne to our ears from remote antiquity.

The earth had become filled with violence and blood. Man forgot or despised the rights of his fellow-man, and sought to erase from his own character every vestige of the divine impress. Treachery, lust, and oppression, by turns, swayed the sceptre of human society, or united their powers into one resistless whole. This degradation, however, was not the work of a day. From the hour of the expulsion from Eden, a constant deterioration had been going on: not in the *heart* of man, but in the practical developments of that heart, as exhibited in the intercourse between man and his fellow. During all this time God did not leave himself without a witness of his goodness, or a faithful servant to admonish the guilty of their wickedness. But the number of these faithful ones was constantly diminishing, and but few now remained. Universal profligacy seemed to triumph, and man to defy his Maker with impunity. But the seeds of mighty changes are often sown unobserved, and in an undisturbed soil. God's forbearance has its limit. Beneath the shelter of yon cluster of stately palms, may be seen an aged man with his three sons, steadily employed, during the heat of summer and the snows of winter, in preparing an immense vessel. Its keel had been laid more than a century ago. During the whole intervening period, the jeers and ridicule of the multitude had often been borne on the breeze, as they insultingly asked the pious patriarch the reason of his unremitted toil. But he, disregarding their indignities, pointed to a day of coming wrath, and warned them to escape it by speedy repentance and reformation. Unmindful of the warning, one went to his farm, and another to his merchandise, while before a

third the nuptial feast is spread, and the admonition of the prophet is forgotten amid scenes of festivity and mirth.

But the ark is now finished. As if by miraculous agency, all the domestic tribes and the beasts of the field march in solemn procession, and take their appointed places beneath its ample covering. It is the world's funeral procession! The pious old patriarch and his family close the solemn train. As he passes one and another of the impious, scoffing throng, whose curiosity and interest had been awakened by a scene so novel, and, in their view, so full of fanaticism, his eyes are directed by the finger of scorn to the unwonted transparency and beauty of the skies, and his ears are saluted with the exclamation, "Where is the promise of his coming?"

And now the door of the ark is closed and barred. Yet the sun shines with unusual splendor, as if to try the faith of the servants of God, and to lull to perfect security an ungodly world. But ere long the scene changes. The clouds begin to gather in the far off horizon. The muttering of the thunder is heard in the distance. The winds seem collecting their forces for an encounter in mid-heaven. Anon the clouds begin to empty themselves: the fountains of the great deep are broken up: the windows of heaven are opened: the cry of distress mingles with the harsh sounds of the pitiless storm: the waters swell: height after height is covered, forcing the wretched occupants to seek still more elevated situations. Above the rushing of the waters, and the roar of thunder, may be heard the shrieks of the dying. Agony unmitigated sits on every countenance, and occupies the foreground of every picture. Thrilling scenes of horror meet the gaze at every point. Here may be seen a dutiful son bearing his aged parents to a more lofty elevation, only to see them swept away by the swelling tide; and there a husband struggling with the waves to rescue the companion of his bosom, but compelled, ere he himself sinks mid ocean depths, to hear her last shriek as his eye beholds the distant surges closing over herself and offspring!

Now all is still. The ark, with its Heaven-protected inmates, rides in safety upon the bosom of the still swelling deep. Naught is heard but the heaving of the waters, and the scream of the sea-bird. But, hark! what sound is that breaking in upon the universal stillness? 'Tis the dying shriek of the last of earth's inhabitants, as from some lofty mountain crag, not yet quite covered, he releases his hold, and finds a watery grave. It is the world's last groan; for universal death and ocean-sepulchre have claimed the earth as theirs!

Further on in the world's history we meet with another event, no less awful in its character, although confined to a smaller range of territory, and

involving fewer subjects. The southern extremity of the valley of the Jordan was one of the most delightful spots, Eden excepted, ever trod by the foot of man. On each side of the river were extensive plains, clothed with the most luxuriant verdure, and yielding every variety of production which could gladden the heart of man. The lofty palm and the olive poured into his lap, without culture, their richest treasures. A thousand sweets were exhaled from the myrrh, the acacia, and other aromatic shrubs and trees, while the surface of the ground was beautified with every variety of flowers which could gratify the taste of the cultivated admirer of nature. To this must be added the balmy freshness and salubrity of the air, and we have a faint picture of that delightful vale.

Great numbers had been attracted to this fertile spot, and five large, wealthy, and independent cities had grown up to attest its value. But wealth and ease had corrupted and enervated the inhabitants to such a degree that they became a proverb for wickedness. One servant only of the true God could be found within their borders, and he was a Hebrew stranger. Drawn thither by sinister motives, the too inordinate desire of wealth, which afterward proved to him a snare, and source of difficulty and calamity, God made use of him as an instrument to reprove them for unlawful deeds, and warn them of impending ruin. But his words only exasperated them, and excited their hatred and jealousy. Their crimes had become notorious; and the all-wise Ruler of the universe determined to make an example of his displeasure against sin. Having been long and faithfully warned by the nephew of Abraham, God at length commissioned two of the spirits before his throne to give the final admonition, and, if unheeded, to inflict the threatened penalty. Suddenly were the portals of perdition opened to receive a multitude of new inhabitants. Hell enlarged herself to make room for their reception. But who can portray, in its true colors, the tremendous display of divine power and indignation which numbered them with the dead? The breath of the Almighty kindled their dwellings. The earth became enwrapt in sheets of flame. Even the clouds poured forth torrents of liquid fire, and the atmosphere became a mass of combustion. The aged matron perished in her seat: the man of years met the fiery storm at his door, and sunk beneath its stroke: the mother, with her infant in her arms, forsook her burning home to find a shelter amid the neighboring caves and rocks; but the molten streams issuing from these gloomy cells met her at their entrance, and drove her back to encounter the more terrible storm of liquid fire without; and clasping her little one wildly to her bosom, she sunk to rise no more: the youth, full of strength and activity, seeing the utterly hopeless situation

of friends, sought his own safety by rapid flight; but a fiery billow meeting buried him beneath its lurid mass. One sea of fire rolled over the devoted cities of the plain, making the garden of Eden an unparalleled desolation.

Egypt, also, was called upon to furnish several illustrations of the fearfulness of rebellion against God. When the oppressions of the Hebrew people called forth the cry of bitter anguish, Jehovah arose for their deliverance. He girded himself with might, and seized upon shield and buckler for their defense. Plague followed plague, and destruction trod upon the heel of destruction, until the voice of mourning, lamentation, and woe was heard in every house. One universal wail of anguish burst upon the midnight air, from hearts where grief had seated itself upon the vacant throne of the affections, and ruled with despotic sway; for the pride and flower of Egypt, the first-born of every family, awaited the shroud, the spices, and the tomb. In the agony of grief Pharaoh issues his orders for the speedy release of the oppressed Israelites. But scarcely had they passed beyond his view, when cupidity again became the ruling passion. Immediately he summoned his hosts. Chariot and horsemen, in all the pomp and splendor of oriental pageantry, are at his feet. A countless multitude of infantry surround him, all eager to bear some share in the stroke of vengeance which was denounced against the fugitives. As they recede from the city a shade of sadness momentarily passes over each countenance, at the remembrance of the dead, and the surviving objects of affliction from whom they had been separated. But the anticipation of success quickly lights it up again with a cheerful glow. One last, lingering glance, and they turn from scenes they will witness no more for ever.

Arrived at the Red Sea, the Israelites, at God's command, enter the untrod way Omnipotence had prepared. With Jehovah as their leader, the pillar of fire behind them to give them light, and the clear, transparent wall of water on either side for their protection, they marched through the deep. Their enemies madly urge the pursuit, and on the tessellated floor of the sea attempt to measure arms with the Ruler of the universe. A wide-extended sepulchre had the Almighty prepared; and the wail of death, mingling with the exultations of the ransomed Hebrews, rose to heaven, while the rushing of the returning waters sung the requiem of a nation's fall.

A less sudden, but not less fearful overthrow awaited the proud queen of the Euphrates—the metropolis of Chaldea. It is scarcely possible for us, at this remote period, and surrounded as we are by modes of living and general customs of society so different, to form any just conception of the

wealth, luxury, and splendor of ancient Babylon. The city was built in the centre of a vast plain, on both sides of the Euphrates. It was surrounded and protected by an immense wall, sixty miles in circumference, three hundred and fifty feet high, and eighty-seven feet thick. The city being built in the form of a square, was entered by one hundred gates, twenty-five on each side. These opened into fifty streets, one hundred and fifty feet wide, and fifteen miles long, running through the entire city, and intersecting each other at right angles. The city was adorned with the most splendid structures which oriental taste could plan, or wealth and skill execute. Many of these buildings were of vast dimensions. Through the centre ran the noble Euphrates, whose banks were lined with walls having openings conducting, by steps and massive brazen gateways, to the water's edge. On each side was a palace, connecting with each other by a bridge above the river, and a subterranean passage, or tunnel, beneath. One of these buildings was three and a half miles in circumference; the other, or new palace, as it was called, was even still greater, being seven and a half miles around! Belonging to this last were the celebrated hanging gardens. These were masses of earth rising one above another in terraces, supported by immense arches, built in such a manner that the pedestals of one tier rested upon the centres of the arches in the tier next below. This magnificent pile was four hundred feet square at the base, and carried to the astonishing height of three hundred and fifty feet, the height of the city walls. Upon these terraces were trees, fountains, arbors, and every thing which could delight the eye, or gratify the taste of man. Near by stood the Temple of Belus, supposed to be the ancient Tower of Babel, rearing its lofty head, as Strabo informs us, to the height of six hundred and sixty feet, and being, at its base, according to Herodotus, half a mile in circumference. In this was deposited the wealth of the kingdom, while its lower apartments were dedicated to the worship of Belus, and its elevated dome afforded to the astrologer a suitable place for his celestial observations.

Such was proud Babylon! No wonder when Nebuchadnezzar surveyed it from the top of his palace, or from the terraces of the hanging gardens, he should have exclaimed, in the pride of his heart, "Is not this GREAT BABYLON that I have built?" No wonder that the inhabitants, beholding their walls and impregnable fortresses, their internal resources of every kind, and their commanding position among the nations, with queenly speech, should have exultingly said, "I shall be a lady for ever: I will ascend into heaven: I will exalt my throne above the stars of God!" Yet, notwithstanding her apparently imperishable strength

and greatness, she was doomed to destruction for her wickedness in oppressing the people of God: "I will rise up against her, saith the Lord of hosts: I will also sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of hosts." "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah."

Where now is Babylon? where? The hiss of the serpent, the screech of the owl, and the roar of the beast of prey is the only reply. Its fall was recorded upon the shores of the sea of oblivion, whose waves have long since washed the records out. Even its situation is no longer known. Uncertainty and doubt shades every trace of her former greatness. She had ventured to assault the chosen of heaven; and in her pride and arrogance had even lifted up her hand against the Most High. But one look of his all-penetrating eye caused her battlements to fall. His breath swept her inhabitants into the grave. With his finger he traced their crimes upon the book of wrath, and bade the earth receive them till time shall be no more.

Jerusalem was the city of the great King. God himself had selected it as the dwelling place of his presence. The Jews were his own peculiar people. He had chosen them, above all the nations, to be the receivers of his truth. The richest privileges, temporal and spiritual, were theirs. He himself had brought them up from the house of bondage, placed them in a land flowing with milk and honey, and condescended to be himself their protector, legislator, and sovereign. In the glowing language of an inspired apostle, "To them were committed the oracles of God: to them pertained the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises: whose are the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all God, blessed for ever." Triumphant did the Jew boast himself of these, and despised others. The history of his nation had been a succession of miraculous interpositions of the Divine hand for good. For them he spoiled the Egyptians. Having delivered them by miracle, by the same he sustained them in the wilderness; by the same he drove out their enemies, and settled them in the land of Canaan; by the same he interposed, age after age, to deliver them from oppressors; and by the same he visited them in the land of their captivity, and restored them to their native homes. The recollection of all these things led the Jew to esteem himself the peculiar favorite of Heaven, and to think God never would deal severely with them, as a nation, for their sins. Consequently, the warnings of God's servants fell upon his ears in vain. The fond thought which his vainglorious spirit constantly cherished, was, "I have loved thee with

an everlasting love, saith the Lord:" "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee: behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands: thy walls are continually before me." But although God had thus spoken and promised, it was upon the condition of obedience. He had threatened the severest judgments if they disobeyed. And what was the sad conclusion of their obstinate and long continued rebellions? Where now is the glory of that kingdom, which once extended from the Euphrates to the river of Egypt? Alas! the city indeed stands; but it is no longer the residence of the descendant of Abraham. Instead of the songs of Zion, and the sweet strains of the temple worship, is heard, ascending from dome and minaret, the chant of the Moslem, and the impious invocation of Allah and his prophet. Bethlehem, and Hebron, and Olivet, are no longer the home of the Israelite. The Kedron, with its solemn murmurs, mourns over the desolations; and the Jordan rolls on his turgid waves in restlessness and gloom, amid the momentous change. The world has become the Hebrew's home. Scattered and peeled, the victim of oppression and cruelty, the subject of ridicule and sarcasm, the despised and hated of all nations, he has been made as the filth and off-scouring of all nations unto this day. Suspected, detested, persecuted, he has wandered from nation to nation, and from kingdom to kingdom, the child of sorrow and distress. Forsaken of God, and despised of men, the earth has grudgingly yielded him a subsistence; and gladly has he pillowed his head in the grave, that he might escape his sufferings.

The foregoing facts illustrate the truth of the proposition before us, in the case of nations. But it is no less true when applied to individuals. Here, also, we need not go beyond the bounds of Holy Writ for examples. From its sacred pages I select a few more illustrations.

During the journey through the wilderness an insurrection was made against Moses and Aaron, headed by one of the Levites, and two of the principal men of the tribe of Reuben, and assisted by two hundred and fifty princes of the assembly. Their ostensible motive was to put down an alleged usurpation of power on the part of these two servants of the Most High. But their act was rebellion against God. And to punish them for their treason, and to show his abhorrence of transgression, the earth opened and swallowed Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, with their families, and all they possessed; while the fire of God broke out and consumed the two hundred and fifty princes. And when, on the following day, the people murmured on their account, saying to Moses and Aaron, "Ye have killed the people of the Lord," the plague

broke out in the camp, and before Aaron could run in among them with his censor, to make an atonement, no less than fourteen thousand seven hundred had fallen victims of Jehovah's indignation and justice.

Nadab and Abihu were *priests*. In that capacity they stood as representatives of the people, and mediators before God. But they insulted Jehovah by disobeying an express command, in offering strange fire before him. And while in the performance of their official duties, amidst the whole company of worshipers, the fire of God, which they had despised, broke out and slew them.

Achan only followed the customs of his day in seizing upon the spoil of a conquered enemy, and appropriating it to himself. But it was disobedience; and in consequence Israel was smitten before their enemies, and the wrath was not removed, until, by God's command, a heap of stones was raised over his dead body.

It may be said, these instances cited were all wicked men or wicked nations. But God has not left us without examples of the fearful consequences of transgression, even in good men. Passing by other cases, I refer to that of the young prophet of Judah. God had sent him from Judah to Samaria, to Bethel, to denounce against Jeroboam and his sacrilegious altar the judgments of Heaven. He was commanded neither to eat nor drink within the polluted territory, nor to return by the same way which he went. With fearless fidelity he performed his perilous commission. Wearied and hungry, he was overtaken, on his return, by one who wore the prophet's garb, and invited to return with him, and to eat and drink. The young prophet sternly refused, until the other declared that he had been commissioned by an angel of God to bring him back to eat with him. If ever there could be excuse for transgression, we find it here. But how did God view the proceeding? The result answers the question: "And when he was gone, a lion [by the direction of God] met him and slew him, and his carcase was cast in the way."

The flood, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the fearful exhibitions of power and wrath in Egypt and at the Red Sea, the overthrow of Babylon, and final destruction of Jerusalem, are only faint types of that more terrible display of Divine power and Divine vengeance which will be made when an assembled universe shall be brought before the judgment seat of Christ. These several instances indicate God's feelings with reference to the violation of his law, and were doubtless intended as warnings to those who should after live ungodly; but they were not the *punishment due to sin*. This is a world of *probation*, and not of *retribution*. When that day of final decision shall come, then may it be said, with awful truth, "*It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.*"

Original.
MESMERISM.

—
BY PROFESSOR HARRISON.
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AND what is Mesmerism? perhaps asks a reader. And where did it come from? demands another. And whither is it going? with eager interrogation, importunes a third.

In all soberness of spirit we will reply to each of the above queries.

And, first, what is Mesmerism, or Animal Magnetism?

Three answers may be given to this interrogatory. 1st. Mesmerism is a subtil, mobile fluid, generating many wonderful results. 2d. Mesmerism is nothing more than certain phenomena witnessed, of which no theoretical explanation is pretended. 3d. Mesmerism is all an illusion, commencing in superstition and imposture, spreading evil wherever it is believed and practiced, and ere long is destined to pass away like the fallacies and fooleries which, in former ages, beguiled and bewildered men. As to the preposterous theory of a distinctive fluid, set in motion, directed, and concentrated at pleasure by the will of the magnetizer, it is sufficient to say that no such fluid exists in the brain or nerves. Its presence has never been demonstrated, and the laws regulating its elaboration and distribution have never been ascertained. That certain phenomena of a very startling and extraordinary kind are frequently witnessed in the subjects of experiments, called Mesmeric, we concede. But these are readily explicable on the known agency of the mind on the body of the individual thus affected. Nervous, susceptible people are liable to strange bodily sensations and actions, from the activity of their own quick phases of mind. That the results seen in the supposed magnetizee or Mesmerizee flow from the workings of the nervous excitation, independent of any foreign or derived superadded agent, denominated magnetic power, is proved by several facts. 1st. Idiots and very young persons are entirely insensible to this imparted influence. 2d. The person to be operated on *must possess faith*—in other words, anticipate the production of some sure result. 3d. The same individuals who are so readily impressible through the *passes*, &c., of the magnetizer, can at any time excite the same phenomena, called Mesmeric, in themselves, by looking intently on an object, or by concentrating the attention of the mind on those parts of the body which are the seat of the peculiar phenomena. The direction of consciousness has much to do in effecting the results shown in many of these cases, so confidently appealed to as evidential of Mesmerism. As far as the pretensions of Mesmer, Dleuze,

and other miracle-working Mesmerizers are concerned, we regard the whole as egregious folly. Only reflect—you who have not taken leave of your common sense, and who are not made drunk by the wine of this new philosophy, but who take heed unto *the true light* that shineth in our dark world—the word of God—what men are called on to believe by those who would teach them this grand science—Mesmerism. 1st. You are to believe that the eyes were not given to see with, but that a Mesmerized person can see without eyes, with the end of his big toe or little finger, or with the back of his neck. 2d. You are to believe that taste may be transferred from one person to another, so that the Mesmerized person does really enjoy, by transferred taste, the eating of a pudding by the Mesmerizer. 3d. You are to believe that the mental vision is transportable over the earth; nay, to the interior of the human body; so that, in virtue of clairvoyance, the Mesmerized person is able to see what is going on in any part of our globe; and most adroitly can visit the interior of our dwellings, and tell what is going on in any and every family, if the magnetizer wills it. 4th. You are to believe that God has not constituted each man his own guardian, and capacitated him with a voluntary power, by which to regulate his train of thoughts and govern his actions; but that, in virtue of Mesmerism, one man may usurp supreme dominion over another, by which authority he may not only control his outward acts, but can seal, or unseal, excite, or suppress at pleasure the very springs of thought in the bosom. 5th. You are to believe that the culture of the mental powers can be carried on by Mesmeric action, and that a new era has dawned on our darkened earth—that by the exercise of Mesmeric power on the part of our erudite Mesmerizers, learned languages can be made to flow from lips which never before lisped them. And, lastly, you are to believe that another grand discovery has been made: that Christ and his apostles were only Mesmerizers in their working of miracles!

And whence did Mesmerism come?

From a wandering, needy adventurer.

And whither is it tending?

First, to the rapid multiplication of hysterics in weak females, or of lunacy in others. Second, to rank, vile infidelity in some. Third, to a loss of common sense in many others. Fourth, to collusion in others to beguile the simple and credulous out of their money, by their mountebank exhibitions of jugglery and humbuggery. Fifth. It is rapidly tending to "a most lame and impotent termination;" for, already is it regarded, in the words of an eminent French author, by the medical world, with few exceptions, as a miserable "apparatus of charlatanry; and although it may so happen that a poor, silly hypochondriac, who is strongly pre-

possessed in favor of this culpable jugglery, appears for a time to derive some benefit to his health, it is only from his becoming the dupe of his credulous fancy, and not from any direct or actual sanative influence bestowed."



Original.

MINOR MORALS.

CHAPTER IV.

AN excellent thing in character—a part of manners that is universally esteemed, though not always repaid—is a *habit of obligingness*; and to those of my young friends who are not prompted to this by their natural impulses, I would recommend to attempt and to practice it. It is particularly becoming in the young; and whatever little sacrifice or exertion it may cost, is more than repaid by an immediate and lively interchange of sympathies excited. Actual obligingness is, after all, as much a matter of habit as any thing else. This is to be sure more felicitous to the benevolent than to the dull; yet the practice in the latter is no less meritorious than to the former—whilst the little services rendered may be accounted as equal from each. I would by no means recommend interested motives; yet it may be suggested that acts of obligingness often recommend the performer beyond more substantial instances of conduct. This need not seem surprising; for these acts are occasional and *seasonable*, and address themselves to the want and the *gusto* of the moment.

On the other hand, one sometimes meets with young persons who seem never to have had the idea inculcated that *obligingness* is a duty as well as a grace of character. Certainly a glaring defect in their training! And I would reiterate, in the words of one who knew the whole compass and bearing of human character, (particularly in this thing,) to "assume a virtue if you have it not," knowing, it may be believed, that the *practice* will lead to the *principle*. There is a refined courtesy in these observances; still the homeliest bred maiden may practice them with propriety and advantage. The occasions for obligingness occur every day, and in every condition of life; and do reflect that you, my young reader, are known to every individual of your household, and of your social circle, even to the sojourner of a week, either for an *obliging young person*, or for the *reverse*!

Over the common routine of acting, make it a general rule to give some super-regard to requests and petitions. Services are commonly solicited by persons of inferior condition who require aid; and over and above all other considerations, to "give," "because you are asked," is following a high and holy rule, entirely apart from the amiableness of the performance.

But I am encroaching beyond the line of minor morals. So to the surface again.

Never be foremost in leading fashion, nor affect any extreme. Ultraism of any sort is not modest in the young; and however they may persuade themselves that upon many subjects it is an evidence of enthusiasm merely, the more judicious will account it as boldness and presumption. Affect not any singularity; neither be gratified if it is imputed to you. This is a manifest egotism, and the parent of many affectations. Young persons are in the habit of thinking that if they are restricted of these little excesses, and ultra-demonstrations, that they will be thought less witty, and rather grave for their time of life. But the beauty of youthful character consists as much in the subjugation as in the exercise of its newly-born energies; and whatever intellectuality is possessed is not under estimated, but best shown by deference and docility to superiors. Meanwhile be as lively and gleeful as suits your natural character; remembering that the *music* consists in the *air*, and not in the *words* of your song. Indeed, *cheerfulness* is a paramount duty in the young, and one which ministers to the saddened heart and worn spirits of those amidst you who are involved in the cares and anxieties of life. A free, buoyant spirit is a great attraction in personal character; yet it should be cultivated with discretion. Look at the favorites of the social circle. Is there one moping, sordid, over-careful (falsely careful too) spirit amongst them? This view is presented not as a motive, but an illustration of what is universally agreeable. It befits the young to be always cheerful. With health, youth, protectors, and friends, (for the young have them naturally,) with exemption from cares, with prescribed and regular duties, and all to the furtherance of their own characters, &c., what have they, what *should* they have to make them sad? So the serpent, *sin*, get not into their garden of pleasure, what *should* they have to make them sad? Their sympathy with misfortune they should learn to *modify* to the best of their ability. After this the transient sadnesses are easily shaken off, and the young face is again radiant with all the glories of life which surround it. And so should it be for a season.

There are many little things in manners—little, uncouth ways—and worse than this, *impertinencies*, of which the very young are sometimes guilty without being aware of it. Scrutinizing a person's dress, for instance; passing the eyes up and down the figure, as it were to estimate the whole toilet. I have seen this done in the parlor and in the street. It is a positive act of low breeding. It is distressing to a person not sufficiently well dressed. At best it is no compliment, where the first regards should be of sympathy to your friend, to be diverted

in favor of her silk and muslin. It is understood that a young lady never knows how a *gentleman* is dressed; and it is in better taste never to join in any comment on the subject.

If you would be esteemed a delicate character, never seem to notice those things in circumstances or arrangements, which it were wished you should not see, and to which you have been accidentally introduced. Thus you will be received at many a house where you were otherwise unwelcome. If you ever become the accidental depository of a secret hold it sacred. This is one of the instances where the word "honor" signifies the reality of principle. I say nothing about *truth*; for it is not a "minor" matter.

Not only guard your delicacy, but use all decorum before the public: —

"Cæsar's wife must not only be virtuous,
But *unsuspected*."

It is a coarse thing to "go shopping" without a purpose of purchasing; or, if so, to give unnecessary trouble, and, after displacing half the goods in the shop, to call them "inferior," "dear," "old fashioned," &c. The young girl who does this is, at best, very flippant and very familiar; and, whether done in the wantonness of animal spirits, or by disregard of annoying others, it is subject to one interpretation. It is believed to involve many kindred traits. Not only the disadvantage of interpretation, but of *misinterpretation*, is a possible consequence; for some young coxcomb, not very well acquainted with the sex, may take it into his head that your visit was not to the shop, but to hold a confab with its clerk. It is a good rule for a young lady not to become fond of shopping.



Original.

SUNSET.

—
BY W. H. SUTHERLAND.
—

'Twas an ev'n in summer, and Nature serene
Was smiling in Sol's mellow ray;
Fair flowers adorned her mantle of green,
And zephyr, sweet warblers, and murmuring stream,
Sang adieu to the parting day.

Though enchanting this scene, the hesperian sky
Was lovelier far to behold;
For the orb of day, as he sunk from the eye,
Tinged the airy clouds, in the azure vault high,
With colors of crimson and gold.

Unlike when at zenith intensely he glows,
Obscuring with splendor the sight,
He remitted his strength as he sought repose:
A milder effulgence he joyed to disclose,
And blended with shadow the light.

How rich are the tints that enamel the scene!

A sea the ethereal blue;
And fancy oft sees on its silvery sheen
The shores of a harbor, ships wafted between,
Unfurling their canvass to view.

Now landscapes of emerald float on the skies,
And mountains their summits uprear,
While vine-clustered hills from the dark valleys
rise,
And streamlets and waving groves greet the rapt
eyes,
And cities and villas appear!

The day king now speeds, through void ether to
roam,
And cheer other lands with his rays;
Yet backward he flings from his radiant home,
A halo of light on the firmament's dome,
And reddens its arch with his rays.

Favonius breathes soft from his seat in the west,
And Vespera brings, with her smile,
To th' weary a season of quiet and rest:
Now the soul can enjoy with exquisite zest
Her sweet meditations awhile.

How cheering to think, as our days quickly flee,
Impelling us on to the tomb,
Like mariners tossed on the billowy sea,
The swifter the current the sooner we'll be
Embosomed in heaven, our home.

Man's life is a span, and the sun's friendly boon
Resembles his fugitive day:
It shines in the morning, grows brighter at noon,
Then declines from its strength, and evening comes
soon,
And hastens the spirit away!

The orient Phæbus we greet with delight:
We joy when at vertex he shines;
But why should we fear the approach of the night,
The dimming of glory, the failure of might,
As the sun of our life declines?

As morning, so even with radiance glows:
Clouds darken the *vertical* sun:
Its setting brings night; but it brings sweet re-
pose:
And death, to the good, is the end of life's woes,
And the raptures of heav'n begun!

The sun which has cheered us, to-morrow shall
shed
O'er nature as cheering a ray;
And the good, when the night of the grave hath
fled,
Shall rise, and with Jesus as centre and head,
Shine in orbits of endless day!

Original.

THE YOUNG ITINERANT.

THE trials and adventures of youth make the most durable impressions, because they are the first that are recorded upon the tablet of the mind; and they appear the most severe, because the heart has not been disciplined to endurance by previous sorrows. Never shall I forget the circumstances attending my first appearance as an *itinerant*, nor will time erase the feelings that stirred my soul on my first visit to my strange friends, with whom I was to labor. It was in one of the smiling valleys of the Walhonding. There was a gracious revival of religion in progress in the place when I arrived, which seemed to sweep along those fertile vales and leave its influence on every heart. A solemnity like that of a death-chamber pervaded the house of worship. The pool was troubled; souls diseased stepped in, and rose rejoicing. With difficulty I made my way to the pulpit, where I found a former acquaintance, with whom I was now to be a yoke-fellow in the Gospel. The living mass of humanity crowded on every hand. There was the countenance that beamed with late inspired joy; and there bowed the anxious soul, whose moving lips and heaving breast, and burdened brow, betokened the intensity of godly sorrow. There sat the aged saint, whose body bent beneath the cares of three-score years, by the side of the youthful warrior just buckling on the Gospel armor. A heavenly influence went out from the place; and under it the stoutest-hearted trembled, and many a hardened rebel bowed. The protracted effort resulted in the evangelical conversion of sixty-four, and in changing the moral character of the entire community.

Here I formed an acquaintance with the principal persons in the bounds of the circuit; and the peculiar circumstances under which we met procured me a cordial welcome to every fireside I visited. It soon came in my way to call upon an *Irish gentleman* engaged in the mercantile business. When I entered the house the family arose, and the master of the household, advancing with open and inviting hand, said, with an *Irish smile* and an *Irish brogue*, "Yer welcome here, and I am glad to see ye; and its here yer home is." I soon after called at the residence of a gentleman self-exiled from the land of Wallace and of Burns. The dwelling, and shrubbery, and furniture, and especially the *man*, were stamped with "Scotland's mark." He bade me welcome to his hospitable mansion with that peculiar cordiality for which the Scotchman is remarkable; and after a short intimacy, he gave me an account of his checkered life. It was a tale of sorrow. But his eye was bright and sparkling; his spirit unsubdued by a life of misfortune—he never despaired. Welcome to our

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shores, thrice welcome, ye generous Scotch! And, as though the whole variety must be seen at once, I next met with a wanderer from New England's granite hills and snowy mountains. Here I found a good specimen of the honorable and the upright. There was at first a formality in the manners of *this* family, and the "calculating" leer of the Yankee kept a *stranger* at a distance; but it soon gave way to a friendship the most permanent and endearing. With most of the characteristics of eastern life, their hopes were inspired, and affections warmed, and friendships hallowed by the influence of the religion of Christ.

But I need not describe more. Here was the hardy and honest Pennsylvanian, and the noble-hearted Virginian, and the native of our own Ohio, who had neither seen nor loved another land. The time of parting was to me painful in the extreme. Here I had made my first attempts to preach the "Gospel of the grace of God." The people received me gladly, bore with my infirmities, sympathized with me in my sorrows, cheered my desponding spirits, and left an impression of their kindness and Christian love which shall never be effaced. May He in whose name their kindnesses were bestowed reward them on earth, and then in heaven!

G.

Original.

ETERNITY.

Go count the drops which form the ocean's depths:
Go tell the leaves which make the forest shade
In wilds immeasurable: then go and stand
Upon the ocean's far-extending shore,
And summon all the sand grains there and tell
Their hosts: then intermultiply the whole,
And that by all the countless multitude
Of brilliant gems that stud the firmament
On high: the sum of all then take, and call
Each one an age; and, with the mighty whole
As but the unit of thy scale, attempt
To measure thy eternity, and learn
The bound of thy existence.

Why thus stand
In mute astonishment? Say, tell me why?

The mighty unit sinks to nothingness
Amid the dread infinitude, and then
Infinity is still beyond! Who, who
Can hope to bound eternity, and tell
The lifetime of the immortal soul?

G. W

In all this cold and hollow world—no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love
Save that within a mother's heart.

Original.

THE RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS OF THE CHINESE.*

BY DR. DIVER.

WE shall next glance at the Taou sect, the pretended founder of which, Laoutsze, was cotemporary with Confucius.

This sect ascribe to their leader the creation of the world. They believe firmly in demoniacal possession, and attach great importance to magic arts, by which they profess to perform wonders in the natural world. They imagine that the spirits of the invisible world employ the mouths of the possessed to declare audibly the mind of the demon. There are some who are regularly possessed, and some who can induce possession, which they call "dancing the god." Rev. Mr. Medhurst, missionary to the Chinese in Batavia, witnessed such a scene.

"The house where it was enacted was nearly full of spectators; and at one end of the room, near the altar-piece, stood a priest performing various incantations, and now and then striking the floor with a rope. He then approached a bench, on which sat a native in a pensive mood, over whose head he blew a horn and rang a bell, and went through a few more ceremonies, when the man referred to began to move his fingers, hands, and arms, then his knees and legs, till his whole body became convulsed, and he sprang up and danced around the room like a madman. Just as he was in the act of falling he was caught by the bystanders, who listened attentively to what he might have to say, and stood ready to record every expression. The occasion of the ceremony was the dangerous illness of an inmate, for whom they wished to obtain an infallible prescription. The possessed soon announced the requisite remedy, which was something about three skeins of red thread, and half an ounce of carpenter's chips, to be boiled down in a pint of water, and a teacup full given occasionally. After the unfolding of this wonderful recipe, the individual sank down into a sort of swoon, and was carried out."

The priests of the Taou sect profess to have power over evil spirits and the destinies of man. The principal of this sect, like the Grand Lama of Thibet, is supposed to be immortal, and to have authority over Hades. The votaries profess to promote virtue by abstraction from the world, and the repression of desire; for this purpose some of them spend their days in seclusion as hermits, others shut themselves up in cells, where they exclude all intercourse with men, and endeavor to arrive at a state of perfection in virtue.

They pretend to have produced the philosopher's

stone and the elixir of immortality. They are believed, by their followers, to possess great influence over the elements of the natural world, and are frequently employed to propitiate the deities who preside over them.

On some occasions, such as long-continued drouth, vast crowds of people assemble, and form a procession, bearing large quantities of offerings to the temples, where the priests sacrifice and pray for rain, or some other public good. The expense incurred in such processions is immense, and is defrayed by private subscription.

The Taouists worship a great variety of idols, some of which are imaginary incarnations of eternal reason. In the year 1819 an open boat, with an idol and offerings on board, drifted down the China Sea, and was picked up at Malacca. The Chinese venerated it as a wondrous relic, and made it the occasion of many sacrifices and superstitions. These deluded followers of an ignorant, designing priesthood, place such confidence in amulets and charms, that they will not rest securely in their dwellings unless fully assured that the devil and all noxious influences are kept away by these preventives; and large sums of money are realized by the sales of small scraps of yellow paper with enigmatical characters upon them.

They look upon death as peculiarly unclean, and think it brings a number of evil influences into the dwellings, which are only to be expelled by the sacrifices and prayers of the priest of Taou. This ceremony of cleansing the house is attended with some expense, and many, therefore, turn lodgers and strangers in dying circumstances out of doors, rather than have the house haunted with ghosts.

Although it is generally admitted that Laoutsze was the founder of this sect, there are those who, having closely investigated the subject, believe that he was not the first who professed the vagaries of this system. "From the earliest ages of China, since men began to think for themselves, and had an undefinable feeling of some higher power above them, they began naturally to inquire about this mysterious being. No national religion being established, the question could not be answered at the altar or from the mouth of a priest. But there were hoary heads, who, loathing the toil and disappointments of life, had withdrawn from the public gaze, and lived in seclusion among rocks and forests, to converse with the world of spirits. It is naturally supposed that men of that stamp must lead a life of dreams, and that solitude will affect their minds, whilst a heated imagination will give rise to the most extraordinary reveries. Being in the odor of sanctity, it was to them the common people applied for religious instruction, and they soon became the lawgivers of a nation, otherwise destitute of religion. Some of these hermits were

* Concluded from page 370, Vol. IV.

men of intelligence, who had enjoyed the good things of the world to surfeiting, and then took just an opposite course to expiate their former sins. Occasionally they would appear among the multitude, with flowing white beards and bald heads, leaning upon staves, and enveloping their bodies in coarse sackcloth or mats. Every word they pronounced was eagerly caught by the hearers, and repeated an hundred times with amplifications. The absurdities which proceeded from such brains may be easily imagined; but still they formed the matter of the Taou creed. They were in fact the oracles of the rabble, and influenced considerably public opinion. Emperors and princes thought it not below their dignity to ask their advice, or to choose from a remote cavern a general or a minister. It was thus very natural that the fame of the votaries of Taou should have become very great, and that many designing men should assume their garb to court honors and riches. They are not, at the present time, looked upon with a favorable eye by the government. On the contrary, the priests are frequently apprehended, tried, and punished for practicing their incantations among the people.

Lastly, we notice the sect of Buddha, who derived their system from India about A. D. 66. The general scope of their books is to exalt annihilation, and promote compassion by saving the lives of animals. They affirm that when men die their spirits do not scatter, but, assuming another form, receive the recompense of all the good and evil they have ever committed. Hence, they constantly aim to cultivate and improve their spirits till they become amalgamated into Buddha. The empire is now full of Buddhist temples, and the priests of this sect actually swarm. They profess to renounce all family connections, take a vow of celibacy, shave their heads, dwell in temples, abstain from animal food, and subsist on the voluntary contributions of the people. To this course there are multitudes of exceptions. Many of the priests have a very bad character for licentiousness and roguery. One of their number in Canton, notorious for his villany, having married contrary to law, was arrested, and suffered death by decapitation.

A description of one of their temples has already been given; so that it is unnecessary here to go into detail. The daily service consists in offering up certain forms of prayer in the Sanscrit—a language which few even of the priests understand. Every morning, after dressing, the devotee is to turn his face to the west, stand upright, clasp his hands, and with a continued sound, say, "*O-me-to Fuh.*" By frequent repetition he becomes purified like unto Buddha, and when he dies he is introduced into the presence of his deity. The ceremonies of the Buddhistic religion resemble, in many particulars, those of the Church of Rome—the celibacy,

tonsure, professed poverty, secluded abodes, and peculiar dress of the priests—the use of the rosary, candles, incense, holy water, bells, images, and relics, in their worship—their belief in purgatory, with the possibility of praying souls out of its fires—the offering up of prayers in a strange language, with their incessant repetition—the pretension to miracles—the similarity of their altar-pieces, and the very titles of their intercessors, such as "goddess of mercy," "holy mother," "queen of heaven," with the image of a virgin, having a child in her arms.

Having thus taken a view of the three systems of religion prevalent among the Chinese, we find that the Confucian knows nothing definite concerning God or the future world. His scheme of cosmogony is irrational, and his compliance with the common superstitions, inconsistent and trifling. The Taoists have mixed up so much superstitious nonsense with their system, and are such idolaters, that we must say they are as far from the truth as the philosophic sect, while the religion of Buddha has deluded the inhabitants of China still more than their indigenous systems, and left them in greater darkness than they were by nature. "No first cause" characterizes all the sects. Our trust is in the Almighty, that these superstitions and abominations will be purged away from this numerous people. His arm has been outstretched over this vast empire, and the wrath of man has been made to praise him in throwing open the way for the introduction of the Gospel. May the time soon come when the Son of God shall be known and loved by the dense multitudes which populate China!

TRUST IN THE SAVIOR.

Nor seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;
Not seldom evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.
The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding bark, untrue;
And if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.
The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightnings down upon the head
It promised to defend.
But thou art true, incarnate Lord!
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify!
I bent before thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace with suppliant knee;
And peace was given—nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and ecstasy!

WORDSWORTH.

Original.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—NO. II.

BY WILLIAM WOOD, M. D.

4. THE weight of the atmosphere exerts much influence in the healthy development of the physical structure. Persons predisposed to diseased lungs cannot ascend high mountains with impunity; for, as the pressure of the air decreases, the arterial pulsations are accelerated, the capillaries are distended, respiration becomes painful, and the individual, probably, either faints or is seized with pulmonary hemorrhage. The air is too light to permit the chest to expand, or to confine the blood in its proper vessels. Elevated situations should, therefore, be avoided by those who have organic derangements of the heart, or chronic diseases of the lungs. Asthmatics are always affected by changes in the weight of the atmosphere in any situation, and they can almost invariably foretell the approach of a storm with as much certainty as the barometer. When air is very light it contains but little oxygen, in a given quantity; and, since this agent is essential in the support of life, neither animals nor plants flourish where there is a deficiency of it.

5. But as he pursued this most interesting study, he would know that the weight of the atmosphere is not its most important property in the growth and health of the animal body. It must be free from foreign gasses or impure exhalations. Pure air, he would soon learn, contains twenty-one per cent. of oxygen and seventy-nine of nitrogen. If these proportions are changed it becomes unhealthy. Too much oxygen stimulates the lungs into unhealthy activity, while too little depresses all the vital powers. When the blood has gone the rounds of the circulation, it is loaded with the worn-out particles of the system, and is so far changed, both in color and composition, that it is unfit for future use until its impurities are removed. Its purification is accomplished in the lungs, where it comes in contact with the air which has just been drawn into them. Its impurities, including a large quantity of carbonic acid gas, are thrown off, its original scarlet color is restored, and it is again ready to perform its part in the animal economy. But if the air is impure it cannot be renovated; and, consequently, it flows on, a dark, poisonous mass, conveying disease and death into every fibre of the system.

6. When a given quantity of air has passed through the lungs it is deprived of a certain portion of its vital principle, as well as charged with foreign gasses, and hence is unfit for immediate respiration. But the lungs are not the only part of the body which impairs the purity of the atmosphere. The skin is continually throwing off an exhalation, consisting principally of carbonic acid

gas, which mixes with the air that has already passed through the lungs, and thus renders close crowded apartments speedily pernicious. A melancholy case illustrating this fact fell under my notice a year or two since. Four healthy children were put to bed for the night in a small room, and the windows and doors closed to prevent the ingress of cold air. In the morning three of them were found entirely insensible. When I reached the house one of them was dead. The others are still alive; but they will never regain their health and vigor. The parents of these children were both well educated, so far as ordinary business is concerned; but they had never studied the laws of animal life. Had they done so, they never would have placed their children in a tight room, where the atmosphere must soon become poisonous. They learned too late that they had violated one of the fundamental laws of their being; and the consequence of this violation was the destruction of their offspring.

7. But atmospheric air may be rendered impure by other causes than respiration. Fires of charcoal in close rooms, frequently produce the most destructive results. The oxygen is not only speedily exhausted, but its place is supplied by carbonic acid gas—a combination so poisonous to the lungs that an animal will perish in it quite as soon as it would if completely immersed in water. I knew an intelligent and respectable mechanic, who lately fell a victim to the use of charcoal in the room in which he worked. It had no chimney, and he burnt the coal for heating an iron, in a small furnace placed near its centre.

In cities where they burn gas the consumption of oxygen is immense. A single gas-burner, will consume more, and produce more foreign gas, than a dozen wax candles—hence dwelling houses lighted with it should be well ventilated—a subject worthy of consideration among those of us who are introducing it into our dwellings.

8. From a careful study of the laws of animal life, we perceive that although the houses of cities are generally provided with the means of ventilation, still there is danger, under some circumstances, of injury from inhaling vitiated air. Many of the largest dwellings are built in rows, with windows only in the front and rear, and these are generally closed, especially in winter, when large social parties are most frequent. At such times the rooms are crowded, from eight to twelve o'clock, with persons of both sexes, many of whom are dressed in such manner as to prevent even the most partial expansion of the chest; while others, unwilling to be placed upon short allowance, give their lungs full play, and consume, at every inspiration, more than their share of the common stock of oxygen. The rooms, too, are abundantly supplied with candles and lamps, which are continually sending forth

a deleterious gas, which mixes with the atmosphere and adds to its impurity. It is then difficult to introduce enough air from without into our large drawing-rooms, to prevent the languor, lassitude, and fainting sensations so prevalent, especially among females, whose lungs are confined to the smallest possible space by fashionable dress. Those who are predisposed to diseases of the brain, heart, or lungs, should not, therefore, spend much of their time in crowded convivial assemblies. Even those who exhibit the finest models of physical development, wish for a change of scene toward the close of a season devoted to crowded parties and public amusements. They feel that their spirits are broken and their health impaired before the approach of spring, and they long for the country—its scenery and athletic amusements; but they attribute their *malaise* to the dampness of the weather and the coldness of the winter, without ever suspecting that it is the result of an artificial, poisonous atmosphere. It is, however, useless to warn them of the danger they incur by frequenting the ball-room, the crowded theatre, and evening party. They know nothing of the laws of animal life, and cannot be persuaded that what did not give them pain at the time can be the cause of the headaches, the stricture of the chest, the indigestion, and the cutaneous diseases with which they are afflicted; and yet they are nothing else than the legitimate offspring of the vitiated air they have been inhaling for the previous five or six months. I am well persuaded, from professional observation, that consumption is rapidly increasing among us, and I can attribute it to no other cause than the habits of social life. Our parents generally were the strong, hardy pioneers of a new country, and brought but little with them except good constitutions, strong arms, and stout hearts. They lived an active and busy life, inured to toil, and unaccustomed to the pleasures of the play-house, the amusements of the ball-room, or the restraints of large and fashionable assemblies. When they left us they bequeathed to us sound constitutions, and competent fortunes acquired by their activity and enterprise, while we are dissipating both in the scenes and pleasures of a higher grade of civilized refinement. I have said they have left us; but many of them still remain to mourn over the premature graves of their beloved offspring. Few of them, however, understand the cause of their affliction. They mostly view it as a judgment from Heaven, when it is only the result of the violated laws of animal existence. The truth is, that where consumption was rare indeed, it is now common; and unless its causes are learned and obviated, a greater degree of civilization will only destroy our constitutions, and prevent the physical and mental perfection which we would otherwise so rapidly approach.

Indeed I am fully convinced that if parents and guardians were not only to inform themselves of the laws of animal economy, but would also teach them to those under their charge, many of the most fatal diseases of infirm constitutions would never be developed, and the robust would enjoy a high degree of health with more security than they do at the present.

But air may become unhealthy without changing the relative proportion of its gasses. It may hold in suspension a great variety of foreign agents equally as destructive as those already mentioned. The exhalations arising from ponds, marshes, and low, damp, alluvial soils, where animal and vegetable matter are undergoing spontaneous decomposition, produce many of the most destructive diseases.

9. The next subject which would probably attract the attention of the young student in this delightful study is the functions of the skin. This organ forms the external covering of the body; and, by its extension throughout every cavity which opens upon the surface, it also forms a lining for most of its internal parts. It is, therefore, the most extensive of all the organs, and from its structure it is peculiarly liable to the impression of foreign agents. No part of the human frame exhibits more strikingly the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. Its appearance varies in different parts of the body and at different periods of life. In youth it is soft and delicate; in middle age firm and resisting, and in old age flabby and wrinkled. In some places it is smooth, as upon the cheek; in others it is thrown into folds, as in the vicinity of the great joints; and in others it is thick and insensible, as upon the soles of the feet. It is composed of three layers; the cuticle, or scarf-skin; the mucous, or middle coat, and the internal, or true skin. Each of these layers performs separate and distinct functions. The external, although physiologists have not decided whether it is really porous or not, gives exit to the various exhalations already mentioned, protects the nervous extremities from the impression of foreign agents, and becomes thickened under pressure or regular friction, until it assumes a horny character. If it were not for this peculiar property the hands of workmen would blister every day, and of course soon become extremely painful. Although this part of the skin is endowed with many of the properties of organized matter, still it is entirely colorless, and contains neither nerves nor blood-vessels, and of course it is entirely deprived of sensation.

The mucous coat, which lies immediately beneath this, is nothing but a mucous net, containing neither nerves nor blood-vessels. It gives color to the skin, and protection to the nervous filaments immediately under it. In the negro it is thick and dense, while in the fair European it is

frequently so attenuated that it is scarcely perceptible.

The true skin is placed beneath both the cuticle and rete mucosum. It is highly vascular and nervous, being the principal seat of sensation, and the termination of a great many blood-vessels, nervous fibres, and absorbents.

The human system is continually undergoing a change. The particles which constitute it to-day are not the same that constituted it yesterday. Many of them have become worn out; and, consequently, are thrown out of the system, while their place is supplied by the new materials which are taken into the stomach. The skin is the principal organ through which effete particles issue; and when its healthy functions are disturbed, the whole system necessarily suffers. The useless particles are detained, but only to poison those that are healthy, and of course prostrate all the healthy functions. The amount of foreign matter thrown off by the skin when it is in a healthy state is astonishing. Physiologists have determined, after a series of the most ingenious and careful experiments, that it averages about two and a quarter pounds every day—more than is discharged from every other source. This is surprising to those who have not examined the subject, and serves to explain the morbid derangements which so often follow the sudden arrest of a healthy perspiration.

But the functions of the skin extend beyond those of secretion and excretion. It is also the seat of sensation, and the principal regulator of animal heat. From its extreme vascularity, it contains great quantities of blood, which circulate through its capillary vessels. The number of these vessels is almost incredible: the point of the finest needle cannot be introduced into any part of the skin without wounding a number of them. But the nervous filaments are equally as numerous as the capillary tubes; for the smallest perforation is not only seen but felt. The connection, too, between the organs of sensation and circulation is astonishingly intimate. A single word will often quicken the heart and redden the cheek, and a blush will frequently tell a tale which the tongue had long refused to reveal.



PUSEYISM.

THE whole system is one of Church, instead of Christ; priest, instead of Gospel; concealment of truth, instead of "manifestation of truth;" ignorant superstition, instead of enlightened faith; bondage, where we are promised liberty—all tending directly to load us with whatever is odious in the worst meaning of priestcraft, in place of the free, affectionate, enlarging, elevating, and cheerful liberty of a child of God.—*M'Irvine's Charge.*

Original.

RETROSPECTION.

Ay, list ye now! my thoughts run wild:
Again I view my early home;
Again I am a happy child,
And thoughts of boyhood o'er me come.

I see the green wood standing there,
As erst it stood, in days of yore;
Once more I seem to wander where
I oft have wandered heretofore.

Again I hear the gurgling rill
That murmured thro' the flowery vale;
I build again the tiny mill,
Again I launch the mimic sail.

I view the school-house once again,
Where oft I've spent a weary day;
Where pedagogues have strove in vain
To stay my mind from boyish play.

And now I hear the voice of youth—
A sister's merry laugh I hear—
O, that I heard them now, in sooth,
As once they swelled upon my ear.

Yet why thus brood o'er former days?
Time still sits lightly on my brow—
Heedless I'll sing wild, gladsome lays,
And laugh at cares that haunt me now.

Bright, joyous hours again may come,
And cheer me on life's lonely way,
As erst, before I'd learn'd to roam,
They came, in childhood's happy day.

O, 'tis a glorious thing to meet,
And overcome the cares of life—
To overcome the woes that greet
Our years of manhood and of strife.

It is a glorious thing to feel
A disregard for sorrow's dart,
And thus o'ercome the woes that steal
Our peace and quietude of heart. E.



SOURCE OF TRUTH.

EACH fabled fount of comfort dry,
Where can I quench my feverish thirst?
Is not the world one glittering lie?
Do not its swelling bubbles burst?
Systems, and men, and books, and things,
Are nothings drest in painted wings.

Lord, "thou art true," and, O the joy,
To turn from other words to thine;
To dig the gold without alloy
From truth's unfathomable mine;
To escape the tempest's fitful shocks,
And anchor 'midst the eternal rocks!

Original.

SMILES AND TEARS.

BY A. M. LORRAINE.

NOT long since I began to give, in the Western Christian Advocate, some thoughts on the "glory and horror" of war; but about that time there came such a cloud of matter from the General conference, that it seemed prudent to withhold my hand. Indeed, the serious position of our Church has almost paralyzed me, both as a preacher and writer. However, I begin to lean again on that promise, that "all things shall work together for good to them that love the Lord—to them that are the called according to his purpose." At our last quarterly meeting I gave an exhortation, and felt better; and now I resume my pen. I shall commence in the way of narrative; for it is a woe-begone case with me when, with truth on my side, I cannot tell a simple tale. If I succeed in this I may give you something more staple—more evangelical. We do not, even in this, intend to work out of our proper gear; for if we can succeed in scaring our pious matrons to scare their boys out of their romantic notions of war, we shall not have labored in vain.

When the news of Hull's surrender reached the patriotic town of Petersburg, in Virginia, it overwhelmed the whole population with indignation and sorrow. Some of the most popular young men, with martial music, and the American ensign, paraded the streets, and with impassioned appeals called on their youthful associates to march to the rescue. The scene that followed was soul-thrilling to the patriot. Promising young men sprung their counters, and fell into the ranks. Students of medicine and law shoved aside their volumes, sufficiently uninteresting before, but now made absolutely irksome by the ceaseless din of war, and rushed to the standard. The mechanic threw the uplifted hammer from his hand to swell the train. The placid farmer rode to town to behold the madness of the people, but took the epidemic and fell in. And in a few days a company of one hundred and four, richly uniformed, offered themselves to the government to serve twelve months under the banner of the brave Harrison. No married man was admitted into their ranks. There is no incident of merely a terrene nature that ever so swelled our bosom, as did our departure from that lovely town—the bright scene of all our juvenile joys.

At an early hour in the day the company marched to "Centre Hill," which overlooked the town. There they were met by a procession of females; while two elect ladies, bearing a stand of colors, richly and tastefully ornamented, presented them to the company, with an appropriate address. Being

now all ready, with our knapsacks on our backs, and all accoutred for the perilous campaign, we marched down through the town, to the plaintive tune of

"The girls we've left behind us."

The doors, windows, and side-walks were crowded with our friends, our parents, and our weeping sisters. But the severest cut of all was as we wheeled down into Bolingbrook. At that corner the principal body of the inhabitants had assembled for the purpose, as it seemed, of giving us a few parting cheers. But they had not counted the conflict. It is true, they simultaneously lifted their hats; but their trembling lips grew pale, their arms fell powerless to their sides, and a silent shower of tears betrayed the true position of their souls. This was a season of deep sorrow; but there was a magnanimity in the affliction that seemed to bear us up. Many of our friends followed us several miles, in carriages, on horseback, and on foot; but it only served to spring our tears afresh by a second and more personal farewell.

The first night we encamped in a beautiful grove near Ware-bottom church. On the next day we made our entry into Richmond. As we drew nigh the city, all the troops turned out to escort us in. And, surrounded with prancing cavalry, the mingling music of conflicting bands, drums, and trumpets, covered with clouds of dust, and, as our simple hearts thought, with glory too, we entered the capital. We were soon marched to a neighboring grove, where we sat down, in military order, to the festive board. Among the first visitors at our quarters was the pious Jesse Lee, who, in almost every soldier, recognized the son of some highly esteemed friend. He was solicited to give us a sermon. To this he readily agreed. On the appointed day we marched unarmed to the church, which was well filled with citizens and soldiers. After the preliminary services, he took for his text: "Shall your brethren go to war, and shall ye sit here?" To show how even religious minds are tinged with the prevailing contagion, in times of special excitement, we will slightly advert to his course. In the introduction he solemnly protested against the spirit of war—offensive war—such wars as were undertaken to aggrandize a throne, to acquire territory, or to satiate the thirst for military glory. But, first, he proved (of course very easily to us) that the present war was a rare exception. England had more than once smitten us on the right cheek, and we had as often turned unto her the left. Our government had shown a singular example of Christian forbearance, until forbearance had ceased to be a virtue. The well-being, the very existence of our nation depended on honorable resistance. Every citizen was an integral part of the social confederacy—he was a partaker of all the immunities

and blessings of civil government—he was protected in his person, property, and character, and is religiously bound to afford his quota of support. The powers that be are ordained of God, yea, they are his ministers, appointed for this very thing, and bear not the sword in vain. Therefore, “render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s.” Secondly, he showed the spirit in which war should be waged. Here he descended to all the minutiae of the soldier’s duty and conduct; and he gave the boys abundance of godly advice, and showed very clearly that, as handsomely equipped as we were, we were lacking in a very important article of defense—“The armor of righteousness, on the right hand and on the left.” The application of his subject he poured with scorching severity on the Richmond youth. With all the sarcastic and biting expression of which he was master, (and he commanded a legion of that matter,) he turned upon them and said, “Will ye sit here and see your brethren go to war?” And he preached not as one that beateth the air on that occasion; for they forthwith organized a volunteer company according to the same pattern.

We took up our line of march and pressed on. The rumor of our coming, and the knowledge of our daily progress, enabled the people to spread their hospitalities in our way; so that, as far as eating was concerned, we frequently had nothing to do but march up to the rural board and partake of the smoking barbecue. Thus we “sat down to eat, and rose up to play.” The report of our history, as it rolled on before, became highly fabulous. “Here comes the flower of old Virginia! every man splendidly equipped at his own expense! They find their own baggage-wagons, bear their own expense, and there isn’t a man among them with less than five hundred dollars—pin money! Hooray for Petersburg! Old Virginia never tire!” The people flattered us and cheered us until we became as proud as Lucifer. Our vanity, however, received an occasional check. One day a wagoner had much ado to hold his horses in a narrow pass, until the company got by. He, however, found time to give us a very quizzical examination in detail; and as soon as he got sufficient sea room in the rear to give us a raking fire, without fear of reprisal, he cried out at the top of his voice, “I have heard of you before, boys. They call you the flower of the land; but ye mind me of the old saying, ‘Fine feathers make fine birds;’ but if you aint as ugly a set of chaps as old Virginia ever hatched, I’ll give you my head for a football.” We, however, consoled ourselves with the surmise, that for this compliment we were more indebted to the wrath into which his horses had wrought him, than to his skill in physiognomy. Indeed, the volunteers were generally very handsome. Petersburg was always

celebrated for its beauties, male and female. It is true we had some very hard cases, almost enough to make the eyes of the wagoner ache. Perhaps some comical lady subscriber, who knows the author, may say, “Yes, and we will plank you down with the proscribed remnant.” Well, be it so; but if so, we must, in justice to the town in this particular, say, we were not exactly born there. But those of the family who were, were right—good looking.

Monticello lay in our route, or rather we made it so lay, that we might have a sight of Virginia’s favorite sage. We drew up, in military array, at the base of the hill on which the great house was erected. About half way down the hill stood a very homely old man, dressed in plain Virginia cloth, his head uncovered, and his venerable locks flowing in the wind. Some of our quizzical clique at once marked him as a fit subject of fun. “I wonder,” said one, “what old codger that is, with his hair blowing nine ways for Easter Monday.” “Why, of course,” said another, “it is the overseer, and he seems to be scared out of a year’s growth. I suspect he never saw gentlemen volunteers before.” But how were we astonished when he advanced to our officers and introduced himself as THOMAS JEFFERSON! The officers were invited in to a collation, while we were marched off to the town, where more abundant provision had been made.

The most interesting prospect we had was when we first came in view of the Blue Ridge. It appeared, in the distance, like a dark wall stretched along the horizon, and piled to the heavens. We could not but admire the scene; yet our pleasure in beholding it was considerably abated when we contemplated the Herculean task of scaling it on the morrow. At that distance it presented a uniform surface, and seemed to forebode an almost perpendicular ascent. Since that period we have been better qualified to estimate the value of the old proverb, “Do not climb the mountain until you get to it.” When we arrived at its base our road wound up a dark ravine. True, when we would look ahead, an insurmountable barrier seemed to stretch athwart our way; but when arrived at the apparent difficulty our tortuous pathway presented a gentle ascent, sometimes a comfortable level, and occasionally a little valley. And when we supposed our troubles were merely beginning, we received the happy announcement that we had surmounted all, and were wending our way down into the valley of the west. So it is in our journey through life. How often does the pilgrim fret about troubles ahead, which loom higher than the Blue Ridge—mountains which he may never reach; and even if he does, the Lord leads him by a way that he had not known. So the proverb is worthy of a binding in the Apocrypha at least.

We had not traveled a hundred miles before the whole corps were called after a new nomenclature, our proper names being current only on the muster-roll. One was "Old Hickory," another "Plantation Joe," another "Hog-face-Tom," "Sinbad," &c.

From our childhood, we had considered the Blue Ridge to be the grand scenery of all backwoods romance. So it was natural for our straggling men to expect a bear, or a tiger, or something else, to pounce upon them from every thicket. One day we came to an encampment, about a quarter of a mile below a plantation. One of the boys was left considerably in the rear. Pushing on through the dusk of the evening, he saw a hideous animal crouched up in the corner of the fence; and having no doubt concerning its genus, he blazed away with his musket, and running in full speed to the camp, he cried out, "Boys, I have killed a bear! I have *killed a bear!*" Some said, "How do you know it is a bear? have you ever seen one before?" "No, but laws! didn't I see its bristles when it was all ready to spring upon me? and it was exactly like the pictures you've seen in the primers. Certainly it is a bear, and we'll go and get it as soon as it is daylight." Away he went from camp-fire to camp-fire, boasting of his exploit. But before he got through the lines an old farmer made his appearance at head-quarters, and claimed indemnity for an old black sow that one of the soldiers had shot.

Except when passing places of notoriety, the company proceeded in an informal march. On such occasions all the blunders and improprieties of the preceding day and night were canvassed in catechetical form. One, for instance, would cry out with a loud voice, "Who tried to kiss that girl last night, and was shoved over into the wash-tub?" The whole line would respond, "T. C." "Who shot the old sow and said it was a bear?" "Why, C. W." From such popular decisions there was no appeal.

But the report, "They are coming! they are coming!" climbed the mountains, and rolled on before us; and the hospitality of our countrymen was prodigious. Pressing on by the way of the Springs, down the Kanawha, and crossing the Ohio at Mt. Pleasant, we at last arrived at Chillicothe. Here the legislature, which was then in session, gave us a splendid dinner, which was quickly followed by one from the citizens. Here the festivals of Virginia were thrown entirely in the shade; for we had not only the substantials, the bacon and cabbage of the Old Domain, but fowls and turkeys, pies, tarts, custards, and sweetmeats, and floating-islands, and all the luxurious variety that the generous daughters of the Buckeye state could devise. Surely, we thought, there was nothing like the glory

and honor of war. But, alas! it was the luscious finale of all our military glory! It is true, we had fed, and feasted, and frolicked for a few short weeks, and our march thus far had been like a triumphal procession. But O how short our triumph! How vulgar our happiness!

"We eat—drank—slept. What then?"

We eat, and drank, and slept again."

And this was the total amount of all our joy; and O how dearly bought!

Our "Indian summer" was now gone—our "paw-wah" days were over. As we left Chillicothe the bleak northwester began to blow, the rains descended, and the snows drove until the face of the whole country was clothed with the white, cold mantle of winter. Through mud, and ice, and storms, and swollen streams we forced our way to Franklinton, which was then the head-quarters of the army. For the twelve succeeding months our tender volunteers, most of whom had not passed their twentieth year, and in their fathers' houses "had never waked but to a joyful morning," were exposed to labors, dangers, deprivations, afflictions, and deaths, of which their youthful minds had never conceived. Often did they realize the prodigal state—the prodigal recollection, "In my father's house there is bread and to spare." But it was not for them, but for Uncle Sam to say when they might arise and return to the fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters. O, these words were precious in those days. But we now had no abiding city—no May-days and holidays. We moved on through the plat of Columbus, where there was, at that time, only one house erected—albeit, we left Franklinton in its meridian glory. Through most intolerable roads, and severe weather, we reached the town of Delaware, which was even then a handsome village. But before reaching this desirable spot, we were frequently stalled, and our baggage-wagons broken down. Delaware was the *ultima thule* of American civilization, as far as our route was concerned. We passed only one cabin between it and Sandusky. The plains of Crawford presented nothing but a wild waste of crusted snow, through which we marched with excessive labor.

When we reached the embodied host, on the bank of the Sandusky, our little band seemed to mingle as an atom in the long-extended line. At daybreak the whole force was mustered, in rank and file, on the high banks of the river. The united music of the army passed down the line; but truly it was "music of melancholy sort." It was not the lively tune of "Yankee Doodle," "The Soldier's Return," or any of those rapturous airs so sweetly played at the recruiting rendezvous, to lure the inebriate to his doom; but it was an inexplicable breathing of war and blood, which, in unison with the desolation around, forced us, in one

moment, to realize all that we had ever read or listened to of Revolutionary lore. Our feast of "marrow and fat things" had also fled; and "soldier's fare" was the order of the day. When our rations were first issued, while every man was hearty, and our appetites keen, our allowance was beggarly enough. But after a few cases of sickness and spells of hippo, our stores began to accumulate, and we had enough provision, such as it was; but it was not the hams of Virginia, or the turkeys and tidbits of Ohio, but fresh beef and pork, and that frequently without a dust of salt. The bread, which was sometimes made of damaged flour, was truly disgusting. This, however, was a small item in the registry of our sufferings. While encamped at Sandusky, it was issued in general orders that the chaplain would preach on the Sabbath. Our readers can scarcely imagine what interest this waked up in our ranks. Even the most irreligious have a kind of property or claim in the Gospel that they are not sensible of until the privilege is apparently clean gone for ever. At the appointed hour, the entire army was marched into hollow square, the General and his staff in the centre. The preacher took for his text, "And the Lord said unto Moses, speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." He first gave a historical account of the Israelites, and held them up as a lucid example of all that is martial, patriotic, and glorious. He secondly made a most bombastic application of the text to our militia, warmly exhorting them to cross, not *Jordan*, but the *line*, and to take possession, not of *Canaan*, but *Canada*: "The bones of the gallant Crawford, which lie bleaching in yonder plain, cry out move forward. The blood of the brave Montgomery from the walls of Quebec cries out march forward." And thus he went on until his effusions were found to be hateful; for whatever merit his speech would have possessed, coming from a proper source, and on a proper occasion, as a Gospel sermon it was monstrous. And this he might have perceived by the simultaneous artificial coughing that pervaded the whole square. The General appeared to be mortified. We were pleased to find, in after years, that he hated all such untimely and misplaced zeal. He has been heard to say that a chaplain is an indispensable officer in the army; but no post, no department requires a more exemplary and evangelical minister.

It was midnight, the ground covered with snow, the heavens profusely flaking down additional supplies, and our heavy-laded tents were rocked to and fro by the howling winds, when the troops were suddenly aroused by a call to arms. Orders were given for us to buckle on our knapsacks and blankets, and to be ready to march at a moment's warning. In a few minutes we were plunged into the dark and almost interminable forest, bound

through the Black Swamp, to reinforce Harrison, who, after Winchester's defeat, had fallen back on the Carrying river. It was a dark—dark night. An experienced pilot led the van, and the whole detachment followed in Indian file, every man taking care to keep in feeling relation to his predecessor. We plunged and floundered on through brush and brier, deep creeks, and rising waters, mingled with drift and ragged fragments of ice. Like Paul and his ship-mates, "we longed for the day;" but when light broke upon us, it seemed to augment our wretchedness by calling into painful exercise an additional sense, and greatly enlarging the scene of desolation. We had frequently to pass through what was called, in the provincialism of the frontiers, "swails," (standing ponds,) through which the troops and pack-horses which had preceded us had made a trail of shattered ice. Those swails were often a quarter of a mile long. They were, moreover, very unequal in their soundings. In common they were not more than half-leg deep; but sometimes, at a moment when we were not expecting it, we suddenly sunk down to our cartridge-boxes. While fording such places our feet would get so benumbed that we seemed to be walking on bundles of rags; and it was really a luxury to come to a parenthesis of mud and mire, for then we could feel a returning glow of vitality. Occasionally a poor pack-horse would fall down in his tracks, (if tracks there were,) to rise no more for ever. It was heart-rending to see them roll their flashing eyes indignantly on the passing soldiers, as though to rebuke the madness of the people in driving to such an extremity of suffering. Drove of hogs, which had been abandoned to the wilds, grim, gaunt, and hungry as the grave, were squealing through the woods, and rooting up the snow; and under the relentless scourge of war the whole creation seemed to groan in pain. We passed one of our subaltern officers, who was trembling like an aspen, and beseeching every soldier for a dram, declaring that he would perish in a few minutes if not supplied. Poor fellow! he had been in the habit of keeping himself always under the influence of liquor, and his supply had failed him in this day of affliction. By draining several canteens, he obtained enough to drag him through the horrors of the day. Some may think that we are exaggerating, but several of our young men afterward fell victims to diseases which were engendered by the march through the *Black Swamp*.

The reaching of Hull's road was a grand desideratum. It is true we had never heard it spoken of, by those who had seen it, only in terms of unqualified execration; but still it was a *road*, and there was a kind of redeeming sound in the phrase that struck pleasantly on the drum of our ear. At last a triumphant peal in the van announced its

appearance. We were not slow in rushing to the point of observation. But O the burst of indignation that followed! Sure enough the *Hull* was there, and an occasional patch of corduroy, and there had evidently been an opening made through the dense forest; but the road, if there ever had been any, had been mostly washed away before our time.

The first night and day we traveled, through all those disadvantages, thirty miles. At a late hour we approached an arena which bore a strong resemblance to terra firma; and scraping away the snow, we spread our blankets under the naked canopy of heaven; for at the time of our departure from Sandusky we had left our tents standing, with all our camp equipage. How long we lay that night in a shivering condition before we fell asleep we could never ascertain; but I awoke in the morning from pleasant dreams, and in a profuse perspiration, and, as I thought, under a heavy press of blankets; but when I threw up my arm to take an observation, and to see how the land lay, an avalanche of virgin snow, which had silently ministered to my comfort during the night, tumbled into my bosom, and quickly roused me to a recollection of my proper latitude and true bearings, and I found, by calculation, that I was bounded north, south, east, and west, by the *Black Swamp*.

Mr. Editor, bear with me, but I begin to feel sick about my heart at the mere recollection of such scenes. And besides all this I am sensible that I have written enough for one chapter; but it would savor of impoliteness to leave the ladies of the Repository so abruptly in the quagmire. Perhaps I might give a more ship-shape finish to this number by setting them to read a short annual written by my brother, which I received in those troublous days, and which lightened up my own spirits while committing it to memory. It was in perfect tune with the times. It runs thus:

Since now, my patrons, we have reason
T' exchange the best salutes of the season—
Since fate has granted that together
One year of wonders we should weather,
Mid comets, earthquakes, storms, and all,
Along unhurt our course to roll:
And thereby hangs some tales of humor,
But now, alas! put out of rumor,
By one continual din of war,
And heroes marching far and near,
To dress Montgomery's tomb:
And brigadiers of sorry doom!
Then Harrison, in awful might,
Boldly rushing to the fight,
Bent on purpose grand and glorious,
His banners move in course victorious.
Not so was he who led the van,
A route the muse could never scan.
Through many a street, and many an alley—
Through many a wild, umbrageous valley,
His standard boastful threats conveyed,
And loud to arms the drumsticks played.
The sons of spunk obey the call,

And shoulder musket, one and all—
To Campus Martius bend their way,
And soon are formed in proud array,
And hail the mighty battle day!
Before the lines, a curious creature,
With dapple shirt and hickory feature,
And pipe of true Moravian mold,
Thus broke in accents big and bold:
"I am ———: believe me, 'tis no rant—
I am your noble commandant.
'Tis true, I'm not in style of war,
But that is well accounted for:
I've lent my coat—I've lost my sash—
My epaulets are in the wash—
My sword I do not choose to trust
To run the hazard of a rust;
For bright it is, and well you know,
That while it's mine, it shall be so.
* * * * *
These Indians look too nation red:
Our stomachs, too, are scarce of bread;
And, what is worse, we have forgot
To bring the powder and the shot.
So ground your arms, ye dirty pack!
Let Dr. Eustis get you back."
So, spite of frown, and spite of pout,
The word's given, "To the *sneak-about!*"
Go seek your hero at his home—
Go seek him on the ocean foam:
There British guineas cannot gull,
And there Columbia owns her Hull.

HABITUAL DEVOTION.

BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore!

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness brings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee!

Original.

"A WORD FOR THE WEARY."

THE Bible, in its far-reaching application to every human heart, to every variety of character and of circumstance, proves itself to be the word of the *omniscient God*. His love is mindful of every interest of his creatures, and his wisdom meets and provides for the wants of every human soul. The design of all the events of his providence is to bring our fallen race to himself, and to educate them for *eternity*. His dispensations are various, but they have all a merciful reference to our highest interests. The special regard evinced throughout the Bible for the *afflicted* is very remarkable. How intimately is their case considered, and what divine supports are afforded! How freely may they draw from these exhaustless wells of salvation the streams of everlasting comfort! How sublime, how encouraging are the examples of its consecrated mourners! How many of the best and the chosen servants of the Lord have walked in the path of the "man of sorrows," and drank deeply of his cup! "Take my burden," says St. James; "The prophets have spoken, in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering, affliction, and of patience;" "Behold, we count them happy which endure;" "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." The apostle here calls his brethren of *every age* of the Church to a consideration of the trials and afflictions of the "goodly fellowship" of the prophets who had spoken in the *name of the Lord*, even at the dawn of that day which was, by the Gospel, to bring "life and immortality" perfectly to light. He directs their attention to the patience of Job, the mighty energy of whose faith enabled him, under circumstances which *destroyed the hope of man*, to utter that sublime recognition of Gospel truth, "I know that my Redeemer liveth; and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom my eyes shall behold, and not another." Does not this most fervent and pathetic declaration of his faith in the resurrection of the body, rebuke the indifference which, at the present day, is evinced even by some Christians to this grand fact? They surely did not learn this doubting from St. Paul or any of the saints of old; and we may consider it as the fruit of a defective and detrimental faith, and of imperfect instruction. The Bible has not left this point a matter of indefinite and vague expectation; but has declared the fact with solemn emphasis, "The dead *shall be raised incorruptible*."

To the Christian bowed down by the withering hand of disease, this truth offers an adequate consolation. The means of restoration, hitherto essayed, however perseveringly sought and applied,

may have proved unavailing for your recovery to health; but the *resurrection* will be a remedy to the most lengthened malady. All the sufferings of the present are but preparing the believer for his glorified body, which will then be a fitting medium by which the soul can act unencumbered throughout eternity.

How solemn the truth that none can divest themselves of immortality, and that body and soul must exist for ever! How all-important is it that we so lay this to heart and so live in this world as to secure their everlasting well-being! O, what an appeal does this truth make to every being clothed with mortality! How strongly does it urge on all of us the awful responsibilities under which we live! for we "must *all* stand before the judgment seat of Christ." We may now banish from our minds our accountability; but the day will come, and that soon, when the judgment will be set, and the books be opened, and every one of us must give an account of himself to God.

How solemn the existence of every human being, when viewed with reference to our high destination, our degraded nature, and the promises of a plenteous redemption offered us in Christ—the *possibility* of our rejecting this provision of love—the consummate blessedness of those who *accept* it—and the everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord of those who *reject* the offers of mercy—the power of Christ in visibly ransoming from the grave—the declaration of the *coming judgment*! How do all those considerations, combined, invest every child of Adam with a sublime and solemn interest! Ah! why do any live forgetful of the responsibilities under which they hold their being? We cannot change the actual state of things, nor annul the counsels of the Eternal, though, in the schemes of business, and the snares of pleasure, we may drive them from our hearts.

Merciful, indeed, are those dispensations of our heavenly Father, however afflictive and severe, by which he would sever the strong ties which bind us to earth and to sin! And viewed in this light, as the purifying process by which he would prepare the spirit for glory, well may the Christian be exhorted to "rejoice in tribulations," in the faith of a world to come, and in "the goodly fellowship of the prophets," "who endured all things." This same hope sustained the patriarch Job; and he is exhibited as an example of patience to those who should hereafter believe "even unto the end of the world."

"Behold the patience of Job!" Amidst all his sufferings, how would his soul have exulted in the thought that his example, as proving the power of divine grace, was to be perpetuated for the benefit of the Church of God through every age, and the manifold wisdom of God be thus declared to men

and angels! His words were indeed "to be written in a book," to "be graven on the rock for ever," even on the pages of that word of God which *abideth for ever*! How amazing the contrast! How full of quickening suggestion the thought of his present happiness, compared with the wearisome days and months of vanity, when he yielded to the sad misgivings of nature, and sighed out in the anguish of his spirit, "O that I had given up the ghost, and that no eye had seen me," in that long expression of suffering in which the springs of all human hope and comfort had failed him, and the hope of immortality was withdrawn from his soul! And we should remember that these mournful utterances of his calamities were the true though inadequate expressions of his grief. The "stroke was heavier than his complaint." Now indeed does he realize the *fullness of joy* more ecstatically from having drunk so largely of the wormwood and the gall; and now does he realize that the Lord is indeed "*very pitiful*, and of tender mercy." Satan is now no longer permitted to harass him, or sorrow to assail him. In a great degree he experiences the goodness of God on earth; but this can be known only partially in a world of vicissitude and sin. The bitter waters will have passed away *for ever* only in heaven. Time does not allow us to dwell on all the truths which might be gathered up respecting the character and conduct of Job in the day of his adversity. It would be no better understood by those of the present day than it was by his *miserable comforters* of old, unless his history be read with deep humility, and under the influence of that eternal Spirit which enabled the Savior to offer *himself* "without spot to God," a sacrifice, which constituted him a high priest, perfectly able to comprehend the afflictions of our nature, and to be intimately touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

It behooved Christ to suffer, and thus to be rendered complete, as our Mediator and Savior, "*perfect through suffering*." He was before perfect in all the glory of the Godhead. A remembrance of the hallowed sympathy of Christ for his Church should exalt and consecrate our own sympathy, and induce us to exercise it, as far as our finite natures are capable, with something of his divine wisdom and tenderness. A deeper indwelling of the spirit of truth, which searcheth all things, "yea, even the deep things of God," would have enabled the friends of Job to comprehend the mysterious depth and peculiarity of his sufferings, the principles which actuated him, and the consolations which would have sustained him. How would this have assuaged his grief! But the reverse of it tempted his spirit to impatience and reproaches. The tendency of their arguments, so long as the principles upon which they are founded were erroneous, and their application to him *false*, was cal-

culated greatly to vex his spirit and to oppress his heart.

To have the principles of correct judgment perverted, in the consideration of his case, by his *friends*, was indeed a heavy trial; and he was not wrong in his deep sensibility to this *injustice*—he erred only when it led him into a spirit of self-justification *before God*, and of bitterness toward man.

Let us learn, from the conduct of Job's friends, how much we need the influences of the Holy Spirit in speaking even the "words of eternal truth," that we may not, as they did, pervert its holy purpose, and thereby offend our God, and wound the hearts of our afflicted brethren. The reflections of the friends of Job, considered in their separate and independent import, were very sensible; and no doubt they had a self-satisfied opinion that they were saying the very best things; but "God condemned their speech." They failed of benefiting Job, inasmuch as their hearts wanted that living principle of love which alone makes us partakers of the bonds of others; and they were ignorant that "the Lord chasteneth whom he loveth." A heart-felt knowledge of this truth would have prevented their being such "miserable comforters."

The Gospel inculcates the exercise of a holy and intelligent sympathy. Through the influence of this divine grace, shed abroad in the souls of believers, the afflictions of life become a precious means of proving the loving kindness of God in providing refreshing streams of consolation to flow through the hearts of his children. God has said "comfort the afflicted," "visit the sick," "ye that are *strong* bear with the weak," &c.

From the constitution of our nature we need this sympathy; but the grace of God alone can enable us to bear each other's burdens, and so to fulfill the law of love. We should rejoice that the best affections of our nature *may* be thus exalted and sanctified. The commingling of holy affections amongst his disciples serves to show that there is a vital union between Christ and his members. If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. How sacred should be the afflictions of his body—the Church! How instinctive and true the sympathy of Christians one for another! The Savior of the world himself stands forth in his afflicted people, and appeals to us by the most touching motives not to "pass by" him in any, but to behold and consider their sorrows.

A sacred remembrance of the agony "which was more than mortal" should be awakened by the lesser exhibitions of human suffering amongst us; and as we aid, let us recollect that "inasmuch as we do it unto one of the least of his disciples, we do it unto him." The apostle James speaks to his brethren as though they might be subjected to calamities

which would require them to exercise the same faith and patience which sustained Job and the prophets.

There is a diversity of trial in this world, adapted to the peculiar need of different individuals, and adjusted by a wisdom which cannot err. Some individuals are subjected to trials of a nature so deep, intricate, and peculiar, as almost to exclude them from the limited reach of human sympathy. Few possess the nice perception and deep consideration requisite to understand and feel the afflictions of others. Destitute of this sympathetic comprehension of soul, we utter to the afflicted words without knowledge. But amidst all the depths and peculiarity of his sufferings, the Christian may rest confident that there is *one Being* who "knows his soul in adversity." He who, while on earth, was "exceeding sorrowful, *even unto death*," views with inconceivable sympathy those who are drinking of his cup. His love sustained the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, saints, and martyrs, under a great fight of afflictions. We are directed to take the prophets for example—to look at *Job*, and "learn the end of the Lord;" that the Lord is "very pitiful and of tender mercy."

How much might we learn if we could but be taught by these consecrated mourners! If we would hearken diligently to Job's speech, what lessons of deep wisdom might be graven on our souls for ever! Many of his afflictions seem to be, not those of bitterness, but of a spirit that, having learned the lesson from his own personal experience that the creature is "less than nothing, and vanity," clings to God in the consciousness of utter helplessness. He seemed to see with a distinctness he would fain make intelligible to others, without enduring the same trial, that there are inflictions which utterly destroy the hope of man, and sweep away every refuge, save that of "the Everlasting Arms." When God makes inquisition we need a "daysman" betwixt us and God, who may lay his hand upon us both; then shall he call and "we will answer."

If Job, then, at such an early period, and under such disastrous circumstances, in the prospective belief of a coming Savior, could so appreciate his character and office as to exclaim, in the certainty of a reasonable and holy confidence, "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him"—if the prophets, whose lives were *identified* with *suffering*, rejoiced amidst a "crooked and perverse nation," to give witness to Christ—how strong are *our* obligations to faith and obedience, now that the great work of redemption is finished! We know that he hath "suffered, and died, and rose again," and that he "ever liveth to make intercession for us." He hath ascended upon high, and received gifts for man, even the rebellious, and invites all the fallen

children of Adam, of every clime, and character, and circumstance, to *come unto him*, and to "receive of his fullness." Have any trusted in Christ for happiness and been disappointed? Poor, weak, finite, sinful beings as we are, we must necessarily be unhappy while unreconciled to God. A new and living way, through the blood of Jesus, has been opened for our reconciliation, and *all* laboring under the malady of sin are invited to walk in this only path of acceptance, of rest, and of safety.

The manifold afflictions of time can only in this way terminate in the rest and joy of heaven. In this world, neither saint nor sinner has any immunity from suffering. The advantage the Christian possesses is, that when "afflictions abound, grace does much more abound." Christ will both sanctify our enjoyments and sustain us in sorrow. Those who "endure seeing him who is *invisible*," have within their souls the elements of eternal bliss, under whatsoever circumstances of suffering they may be placed. The joy of the *Holy Ghost* can impart present strength, and hope, and peace to the soul when the frail tenure of natural hope and earthly prosperity is broken, and can enable the Christian to be "patient to the coming of the Lord"—to be one of the "*trees planted* by the water's side, whose leaf shall not wither, and which shall flourish in the courts of the Lord."

Looking unto Jesus is the only true secret of moral strength. In heaven, O Christian, you have *almighty* resources! Pour out your soul unto God! Then shall you be enabled to go through the vale of misery, and "find the pools filled with water;" and at last you shall be received into those mansions of rest, and joy, and love, which Christ has prepared for you, and *God* himself shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.

SARAH.



TIME.

TIME is precious, but we do not comprehend all its value. We shall know it only when it will no longer be of any advantage to us. Our friends make demands upon it, as if it were nothing; and we bestow it in the same way. Often it is a burden to us. We know not what to do with it. A day will come, when a single quarter of an hour may appear of more worth to us than the riches of the whole world. God, who is so free and liberal in his bounty to us in every thing else, teaches us, by the wise economy of his providence, how careful we should be of the use of time; for he gives us but one instant, and withdraws that as he gives us a second, while he retains the third in his own hands, leaving us in entire uncertainty whether it will ever be ours. Time is given us to prepare for eternity, and eternity will not be too long for our regrets at the loss of time, if we have misspent it.

Original.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

THE title Christian is the noblest of all; and he who wears it, and acts in accordance with the relations in which it places him, is one of the noblest and happiest of his race. He can look to God as his Father, to Jesus Christ as his Redeemer, and to heaven as his home. With respect to God, then, he must be an humble and obedient child, trusting implicitly in his care, and seeking, in all things, not only to do, but to suffer his will. With respect to Jesus Christ, he must be a docile scholar, a faithful imitator; and regarding himself as purchased and cleansed by Jesus' blood, he must study to keep himself pure, and to attain to the perfection of the Divine model.

Such being the relations in which he is placed, we should naturally think that he would be actuated by the purest feelings, and ever striving to live in accordance with his glorious destiny. But how different is the reality! The Christian too often lives as if this earth were for ever to be his abiding place—the ultimate boundary of all his hopes—as if his bosom were animated by no loftier feelings, no higher anticipations, than those which actuate the lover of the world. But why is this? It is because the pleasures of time are near at hand, and by their very proximity concealing from his inward vision those pleasures that shall never fail. This being the case, it is necessary that the Christian should acquire such traits of character as will lead him to despise all the vain allurements of sense to duly estimate the worth of eternal joys; and when he has once begun his heavenward way, to continue onward until he obtains the full fruition of all his hopes. Among the traits of character indispensable to the Christian is decision of mind. Indeed this has ever been one of the peculiar characteristics of the people of God, and has received the Divine approval. It was this principle which caused the prophet Elijah to continue steadfast in his obedience when nearly the whole nation of Israel had been corrupted by surrounding idolaters. King, priest, and people, had all caught the foul infection; the temple was deserted, and on every hill, and in every grove, sacrifices were offered to gods who could neither hear, see, nor save. At this period Elijah thought that he alone was left of the true worshipers; yet his confidence wavered not, the purpose of his heart was fixed; and though he felt that he must pursue his way through life unfriended and alone, he never looked back with any feeling of desire to the condition of those who had forsaken the worship of the true God for a popular delusion, but

ever kept in his onward way, endeavoring earnestly and steadfastly to bring back the wanderers to the law, and the pure worship they had so madly forsaken. Long years rolled on, the multitude still continued to delight in their disobedience—persecution raged against the prophets of the Most High, and Elijah became the especial object of royal hatred; so much so, indeed, that his life was only safe among the rocks and fastnesses of Judea. And yet, while he was thus persecuted, he maintained such a course of conduct that God was honored; and when the time of his departure came he was not subjected to the power of death; but his living body, surrounded by angel bands, was placed in a chariot of fire, and thus he was triumphantly taken to his reward.

Again: We see this principle exemplified in the noble conduct of the prophet Daniel, when a captive in the land of the stranger. He was a devout man, and his enemies determined to make him desist from his accustomed worship, or to make his devotion the means of his overthrow. To accomplish their purpose, they obtain the passage of a royal edict, declaring that whosoever should offer a petition to God or man, save to the king only, for the space of thirty days, should be cast into a den of hungry lions. But what course did he pursue? Did he for the time being lay aside his customary devotions, or did he even so far deviate from his usual practice as to perform them in secret? No! he trusted in the God he worshiped; and firmly fixed, he knelt three times a day with his face toward Jerusalem, and prayed aloud to the God of his fathers. The sequel proved that Daniel had not trusted in a God unwilling or unable to save.

We turn away from those ancient worthies to consider some of the illustrious exemplifications of this principle on the pages of the New Testament. And where, on human records, shall we find a brighter example than that which is furnished in the life and actions of the apostle Paul. View him as first presented before us, opposed, it is true, to the claims of Christianity, but in high esteem among his brethren, the Jews—a young man of distinguished family, one of the most eminent doctors of the law, possessed of a mind of the finest order, of a character unsullied by the slightest stain—religious even to scrupulosity, every thing beckoned him on in the course he was pursuing—honor, wealth, and fame, all seemed inviting him on. If, however, he should unite his fortunes with the followers of the despised Nazarene, all that he could expect was disgrace, persecution, and death. But whether a Jew or a Christian, Paul always possessed well marked traits of character. No sooner was he convinced that the course which he had adopted was wrong than he determined to pursue the other, although ignominy and disgrace

seemed to be inevitable. When he discovered that he had been engaged in hostilities against his best friend, he laid down his weapons, and devoted all the energies of his soul in promoting the cause against which he had formerly been so much embittered. Yet when we look over his history, and see in our own times the effects of his labors and example, we cannot but admit that his course has been crowned with the most glorious and happy results; for though he apparently relinquished all worldly honor and fame, by that very act he made himself illustrious, and by his subsequent acts gained for himself one of the brightest names in our world's history. His name is now to be heard in every language, and the force of his teachings have been felt in every land; and even proud Rome, in a great measure, owes to him her immortality; for though she should be forgotten as the home of the Cæsars, she will ever be remembered as having afforded a prison and a grave to the apostle of the Gentiles.

In the history of the early Christians are many striking examples of decision of character—some in which it led them to break all the tender ties which conspire to make life agreeable, to suffer the loss of all things, and to become a reproach and a by-word for the love they bore to Christ and his cause. Nay, it even led the tender female to lay aside the shrinking timidity of her nature, and at the block or the stake, to shed her blood with joy as a testimony of her faith in her Lord.

Such are a few of the examples to show the workings of this powerful principle. We should learn that it is not the wavering, fearful, and unstable that God will own at last, but those who have never cast aside their confidence. And here, Christian reader, permit me to say, that the want of this principle is the fruitful source of many of the declensions and apostasies which are so great a reproach to the cause of the Redeemer. Many persons hear the word, and charmed with its promises, they receive it; but, alas! they are vacillating, and, like the seed sown in stony ground, the word springs up in their hearts, but there is not sufficient depth of earth, and when the sun rises, it withers away. Such persons are like the young eaglets when assaying their first flight. They rise from the parental nest, and urge their course upward to the sun. The task seems pleasant and delightful while the skies are clear. Their plumage, glittering in the sunlight, reflects back a thousand varied hues; but the winds arise, a storm rages, and soon their untried pinions fail them—they are unequal to the task they have assumed; and falling from the height they have reached, they are dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath.

If, then, this principle is so necessary to those who have entered upon the Christian race, is it not

equally so to all who would enter the same lists? It is not only necessary but indispensable. It is the basis of all self-denial, without which the Savior has said we cannot be his followers.

The New Testament affords many striking monuments of the fearful effects of indecision. A young man meets the Savior, kneels before him, accosts him in the most respectful manner, and earnestly desires to be taught the way of eternal life. The Savior puts him to the proof—desires him to divest himself of all his earthly treasure—to follow him and receive an eternal inheritance. But the sacrifice was too great—he had not sufficient decision to spurn worldly wealth and worldly honor, even if it were in exchange for an eternal crown. By declining to obey he rendered himself unworthy of eternal life, and proved that his was not a soul that would have stood firm in the hour of trial and fiery persecution.

Again: The apostle Paul stands in the presence of a Roman governor, a wily, time-serving politician, the victim of passion, and the tool of faction; but the searching preaching of Paul laid open his heart to him in such a degree that he almost yielded to the influence of the truth. He saw his true condition. His utter wretchedness was forced home upon him—the way of escape was pointed out. He wavered for a moment between duty and interest. His eternal destiny was fixed on the decision of that moment; but he shrunk from the true path, and Felix, wayward and unstable, cried out, "Go thy way for this time: at a more convenient season I will call for thee." Had he possessed decision of character, he would have yielded to the truth as soon as its light flashed upon his conscience, regardless of the favor of Cæsar, prætorian rank, or threatened persecution. He sought a more convenient season; but that more convenient season never came.

Take another example. The same apostle is brought into the presence of royalty to answer to the charges alledged against him. Agrippa, his queen, and the courtiers are all gathered to hear the wonderful words of the apostle. He confronts this august assembly with eye that quails not; for though the chain be on his hand, his mind is free. This opportunity of presenting the truth of the Gospel before the great of the earth fires his soul. In the most masterly manner he presents before the assembly the particulars of his own wonderful conversion, dwells on the publicity of the Gospel facts, appeals to the King's own knowledge of the prophets, presses home the subject with such force and energy that the King humbles himself in the presence of the chained apostle, and exclaims, from the fullness of his soul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!" But, alas! he was not wholly persuaded. The pomp of regal splendor,

the love of the world triumphed over his good resolution. The fear of public scorn and the Emperor's displeasure he could not overcome. He turned away from the bright hopes of the Gospel, and preferred a crown on earth to a seat at God's right hand. Had he only possessed decision of character, instead of being held up as an example of weakness, he might have been to future ages one of the brightest examples of all that is exalted in human nature. His subsequent history teaches that those impressions never again returned to his mind with the same vividness; and if they did, in any degree whatever, they were slighted.

From all these examples the weak and wavering should take warning, and determine to begin immediately that course of life which alone can result in happiness here, and eternal happiness hereafter. The Christian should also be admonished to diligence and perseverance. The great prize should never for a moment be hid from his sight; but daily, with the most intense interest, he should pursue his upward way, cheered by the assurance that when time and its transitory things shall have passed away, he shall enter upon his great and eternal reward.



Original.

PRESERVE THE RECORD OF EXPERIENCE.

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BY MRS. PALMER.
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THE admirable promptings of Wesley in noting passing occurrences, and consequent reflections, has been rendered greatly serviceable to the cause of piety; and it is a fact due to his memory, that we are indebted to the sentiments inculcated by him on his early coadjutors, relative to this subject, for some of the most blessed pages ever given to the world. Our female friends will remember the circle that clustered around him, so devoted in attachment and interests. In reverting to them one is almost involuntarily reminded of the little company that clung to Jesus, unawed by the reproachful multitude. Lady Maxwell, H. A. Rogers, Mrs. Fletcher, and Mrs. Mortimer, early recorded their experience; and how much better the world has been made by their productions eternity alone can develop. And while they were thus preparing food, though unknowingly, for future ages, may we not presume that their own spirits were greatly refreshed? These gracious remembrances would doubtless, ere this, have been mostly lost in the mazes of time, had these ancient worthies been unmindful of this enjoinder. But shall we regard this practice as merely admonitory from the lips of man? May we not rather conclude that the Spirit took of things present and things to

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come, and wrote them on the heart of the docile disciple—the ever-ready to be instructed Wesley? He read on the page of the present the vast advantage to be gained from this mode of more mature deliberation on present experience and recent providences. He well knew that it would help us to perpetuate with more thorough concentration of feeling on the shores of time, the song of Moses, as also the song of the Lamb, by thus giving durability to thought, while yet in its freshness.

And then may we not conclude that wrong impressions, leading to unhealthful experience, might, by the more deliberate investigation thus induced, be corrected? Habits of investigation and maturing reflections might thus be gained, that would tell more advantageously on the entire experience, than can well be imagined by one who has not tried it. How well to be in all readiness to give a Scripturally substantiated reason for the hope within us! And might not some of Christ's little ones be able to do this more understandingly, were their judgments more matured by this practice? Let none imagine we would advise this mode to avert the mind in the least degree from the most absorbing dependence on the teachings of the Spirit.

But we are admonished to "covet earnestly the best gifts;" and God requires that we most assiduously use such means as may be regarded of his own appointment, intending that they shall be instrumental in communicating the desired blessings. The means through which these better gifts are communicated are as truly of Divine appointment, and as such *gifts from God*, as are the blessings when possessed. Maturity of views, and readiness of expression, are indeed gifts to be coveted, if we would serve our generation according to the will of God.

When matters of importance are required for future remembrance, the mind naturally passes to the resolve, that memory, unassisted, shall not be intrusted with the sacred deposit: a written record is unhesitatingly decided upon. Had the promptings of renewed nature been as readily obeyed, how much valuable experience in the things of God, instructive expositions of the devices of Satan, and developments of providences, &c., eminently calculated to edify, would have been saved for the instruction of families, the Church, and the world! There are so many advantages to be gained by promptness in this matter, it is not surprising that our subtil enemy should present so many seemingly plausible hinderances; and unless there be prayerful decision, little probability remains that any thing will be accomplished. When the question of expediency or duty is settled, the portion of time most favorable for unmolested thought should also be decided upon.

Inattention to this pursuit is sometimes referred to a lack of any thing calculated to benefit, or a

want of striking incident, &c. While reading this communication, some would-be humble heart may have been saying, "I am not so aspiring as to conceive that any thing relating to my individual experience, can be of sufficient note to justify the time for recording, or the pains of a re-perusal." And is it of your *experience in the things of God*, the leadings of his gracious Spirit, that you speak thus slightly? God commanded Peter to call nothing common or unclean which he had cleansed. Beware, or you will fall under this condemnation, and so grieve the God of all grace, that he may be less mindful of you in the operations of his Spirit. He loves to have us faithful to the *acknowledgment of every good thing* that is in us by Jesus Christ. If God has given you an experience of his grace, the impartation of the gift, in any degree, is quite beyond your desert. O, make the most *enduring* declaration of what he has done! "*Abundantly* utter the memory of his great goodness;" "Make mention that his name is exalted;" "The works of the Lord are great, *sought out* of all them that have pleasure therein. His work is honorable and glorious, and his righteousness endureth for ever. He hath made his wonderful works to be *remembered*."

We are now contemplating the duty of remembering *all* the way by which the Lord our God hath led us, in order to humble and prove us, causing us to suffer hunger, and feeding us with manna, &c., and all in order to write on our hearts experimentally, and thereby most *enduringly*, lessons of grace not otherwise to be learned. Shall we regard these lessons so lightly as to deem them unworthy the time taken to transmit them to paper! Fellow pilgrim! hast thou been doomed to retrace the pathway of painful experience, and thus *again* learn lessons which should have long since been fully known? Then thou art an infinite loser. And may it not be attributable to the light estimation with which thou hast regarded the enjoinder, to "*remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee?*" No longer, then, regard these leadings of the Lord Jehovah unworthy the most careful observance.

It is but to begin noting these gracious remembrances, and you will find incident beyond calculation worthy renewed and repeated recognition. The sophistry of the deluder has doubtless induced some, otherwise well trained spirits, to pronounce this practice as only suited to the imaginings of an egotistic mind. A course so calculated to bring about an acquaintance with ourselves, and so signally serve the cause of Christ, would most surely be withstood by Satan in a manner corresponding with the importance of the subject, and suited in plausibility to the exceeding subtilty of his inventions. The worldly wise may look contemptuously, or, unaware of motives impelling to action, pro-

nounce unworthily on those of Christ's little ones who, in their pilgrimage to the heavenly city, have sketched an account of their journeyings. But how much wiser, in their generation, are the children of this world than the children of light! The world has been flooded with minute details of journeyings over this poor circumscribed earth, whose boundaries are overleaped hourly by thousands of immortal spirits; and yet the individual that will enter into circumstantial detail of the manner in which he found the way leading to immortality, will find impediments from popular opinions which will exercise most strongly a dissuasive influence.

But it ill becomes the humble Bible student to pronounce thus on a course so eminently approbated by God. Infinite Wisdom has determined the matter: "Whoso is wise, and will *observe* these things, even he shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord." "Who is the wise man that may understand this, and who is he to whom the mouth of the Lord hath spoken, that he may *declare* it?" "One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts."

Christians of the present day are greatly in danger of being beguiled of their simplicity. We look admiringly on those of whom the world was not worthy, and adore the riches of grace that induced them to a course which the flesh and Satan inclines us to shrink from. This shrinking is probably mostly from the impression that our motives may be misconstrued. But these ancient worthies were willing to trust God with their reputation. We thank God for the grace that prompted David to utter *abundantly* all the memory of God's great goodness.

But may we not presume that there were spirits in that day that pronounced David boastful and over-zealous in his exultations? Doubtless, other than Michal regarded as derogatory to regal dignity his expression of humble dependence and pious exultation. But David well knew that it was *the Lord* that had exalted him; and he says, "I will be more vile than thus: I will be base in my own sight. My soul shall make her boasts in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof and be glad." He well knew that it was only the truly *humble* that would know *just* how to recognize the hand of God in every gracious gift, without ascribing any good thing to the creature; and it was therefore he so confidently said, "*The humble shall hear thereof and be glad.*"

And there was Paul, also, whose most successful appeals are so tinctured with the objectionable of the present day. His famed speech, under which Agrippa became almost persuaded, was mostly a narration of the manner in which he had been brought to know Christ. But would it not require more than ordinary firmness for his sons in

the Gospel to pursue, at the present day, a course so unpopular.

Perhaps there are few duties, relative to which Satan withstands so successfully, as that of making confession, either verbal or written, and few duties are more commandingly set forth in the Scriptures, or more determinately urged by the Spirit on the recipient of grace. "Ye are my witnesses," is the repeated and continuous appeal sounding forth from the word.

And what more precious relic could the endeared Christian relative leave to the bereaved circle, than the treasured remembrances of his heavenly Father's instructive and gracious leadings—the *portrait of his Christian life*. The hoarded wealth accumulated by years of hard toiling, has been scattered by the hand of adversity, or profligacy, in a few short days, and only the embittered remembrance of for ever departed treasure remains. But by a few moments redeemed, from matters *not* of a bearing calculated to tell advantageously on the future, (and who may not thus redeem many eternity-winged moments?) for the recordings of the day, the Christian father, mother, brother, or sister, may be instrumental in enriching those nearest the heart, in a manner that may tell through time, and even after thousands of the ages of eternity have passed: "Being dead, they may yet speak" with a voice that may be heard down to the remotest generations.

And who will say I have not the *ability* for this work, after contemplating the example of the indefatigable Carvosso. Sixty, and yet unaccustomed to the use of the pen! The disadvantages under which he labored in bringing out his testimony, has probably been one of the greatest inducements in eliciting that companionship of feeling which recognizes him as a brother in tribulation, and of like infirmities with ourselves, and tells us we may "go and do likewise." The fact of finding him a being not greatly above ourselves, either in acquired or mental endowments, gives impulse to hopes, where a more elevated standard might have failed.

"Them that honor me I will honor." God will honor, love, and bless that humble disciple who would fain, with David, *abundantly* utter all the memory of his great goodness. He will but recognize the workings of his own Spirit in an ambition that says, "*This shall be written for generations to come, and the people that shall be created shall praise the Lord.*"

"Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music in my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear."

WHAT does philosophy impart to man but undiscovered wonders.

Original.

LOSS OF THE SHEPHERDESS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH M. BLAIR.

SWIFT sped the boat o'er waters bright,
Each heart is free from care;
For long ere morning's mellow light,
The haven will be near.

The moonlight smiles upon the waves,
Bright stars their vigils keep,
And pearly spray, white foaming, laves
The fated bark where many sleep.

'Tis midnight, and a doleful sound
Goes out upon the night:
The rush of gathering waters round
Burst on the waking sight.

Alas! alas! ere warning bell
Could the sad tale unfold,
The noble heart was stricken—fell:
The current o'er him roll'd.

The faithless bark is sinking—parts:
Down, wrestling with the wave,
Sink many of the beating hearts,
To find a watery grave.

A dread, heart-rending sight
To see the floating deck,
And man, shorn of his might,
Cling wildly to the wreck.

O, who can picture the sad scene,
The struggling agony portray,
As, in despair, with gasping scream,
Weak woman's hold gives way!

And dark despair o'er shadows all
With sable wing of gloom,
As mem'ry doth perchance recall
Loved friends or happy home.

But yet an eye looked down to save,
E'en in that darkest hour;
And teachings the *Almighty* gave
Of his omniscient power.

Yet O how many sleep beneath
The turbid waters there,
For whom hope's gayest wreath
But lately bloom'd so fair.

Be hushed, my spirit! ne'er complain—
The sleepers are at rest:
There's danger on the land and main—
The Lord knows what is best.

Original.

THE SHEPHERDESS OF ST. CLAUDE.

A RECOLLECTION OF FRANCE.

Written, composed, and inscribed to his friend, M. Rouillot.—By William Nixon.

With Simplicity and Pathos.

On the slopes of the Jura, in merry spring-time, When the flowers of France are in
bloom; When the vines, that embellish that heavenly clime, Have filled the soft air with per - fume—
How sweet 'tis, when sun-rise, o'er mountain and tow'r, Has pour'd the effulgence of day, To
watch the meek flocks leave their sheltering bower, And up the bright steep wend their way.

At the voice of St. Claude's lonely shepherdess, all
Leave the shades of the valley behind;
They follow, obedient and joyful, the call
That leads to the pasture designed.

II.

Sweet emblem, those innocent flocks are, of those
Who hear, and obey the command
Of that Guide, who protects them from dangers and woes,
And leads them to heav'n's fair land.

NOTICES.

ELEMENTS OF MATERIA MEDICA AND THERAPEUTICS. By John P. Harrison, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the Medical College of Ohio. Vol. I. Cincinnati: Desilver & Burr.—The author of this work has long been known as a patient observer, a careful experimenter, and an original thinker; and for sometime as a popular instructor from a professor's chair in the Medical College of Ohio. His work is the result of much observation and experience, acquired in an extensive practice of many years. It has strong claims upon the profession in the west. Although we do not suppose that western genius is transcendent, yet we aver that it is respectable, and that its productions deserve our patronage and encouragement. We are under obligation to build up a literature of our own, and to make our contributions to the knowledge of the world. This is particularly true in relation to the medical profession. There can be no question that the climate, the habits, and the physical geography of our great valley exert much influence on the constitutions of its inhabitants, and consequently modify their diseases. It is equally true that these modifications of disease vary the indications of cure. A medical work, therefore, from a western writer is, *ceteris paribus*, to be preferred by the western student. Independent of the fruits of clinical experience, derived from practice in the western country, with which this volume abounds, it strikes us as intrinsically valuable. It has been remarked that the more skillful the artist the simpler his apparatus. The great secret of the Creator is simplicity of cause reconciled with multiplicity of effects. The experienced surgeon could perform operations with a knife, for which a less practiced hand would require complicated machinery; and the skillful physician can perform cures with a little mercury or iodine properly and timely applied, to achieve which the tyro would think a drug-shop requisite. Dr. Harrison, discarding the numerous useless articles which encumber the Materia Medica, seizes upon the more important remedies, and aims to make the student thoroughly acquainted with their properties; thus striving to qualify him for the sick-room, not by multiplying his remedies, but by increasing his skill.

Dr. Harrison does not confine himself to an explication of the powers of the most effective remedial agents, but treats fully, and, we doubt not, ably, of indications of cure and other subjects collaterally connected with Therapeutics. He has availed himself of the valuable labors of Paris, Chapman, Dunglinson, and other authors distinguished in this department. We trust the work will prove a rich contribution to medical literature.

PRINCIPLES OF THE INTERIOR OR HIDDEN LIFE. Designed particularly for the Consideration of those who are Seeking Assurance of Faith and Perfect Love. By Thomas C. Upham. Boston: Waite, Pierce & Co.—The author, in his modest preface, says, "It is the object of the present work to aid in promoting Holy Living. It will be noticed that the principles of the work take for granted, and everywhere imply that man ought to be, and may be holy. Holiness is the one great thing for which, above all others, man should live. It has been my desire, in the following pages, some of which have already appeared in a periodical publication, to promote this great result." The book contains three

parts: 1. Of inward life in its connection with faith and love. 2. The life of faith and love, followed by the crucifixion of the life of nature. 3. Of inward Divine guidance. From the well known character of the author, we are strongly predisposed to speak favorably of the work: but we have not given it such a perusal as will justify us in being more specific. We may, at some subsequent time, recur to it. Meanwhile, let our readers anticipate us, and judge of the work for themselves.

LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN, on Various Important Subjects; delivered before the Young Men of Indianapolis, Ia., during the winter of 1843-4. By Henry Ward Beecher.—This little work promises much good. The subjects are well chosen and ably treated; though the style is rather too ornate and diffusive to suit our Quaker taste. The author's courage, as well as judgment, is entitled to commendation. We earnestly wish that these lectures could be put into the hands of every youth in the land. They will probably save many a young man from perdition. We recommend them not so much on account of their originality, or imagery, or style, although there are many noble ideas and brilliant paintings in them, but because they are words adapted to the times—"fitly spoken," and therefore "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

We select some passages, containing just sentiments, well expressed, in relation to the popular literature of the age:

"The most dangerous writers in the English language are those whose artful insinuations and mischievous polish reflect upon the mind the image of impurity, without presenting the impurity itself. A plain vulgarity in a writer is its own antidote. It is like a foe who attacks us openly, and gives us opportunity of defense. But impurity, secreted under beauty, is like a treacherous friend who strolls with us in a garden of sweets, and destroys us by the odor of poisonous flowers proffered to our senses. Let the reprehensible grossness of Chaucer be compared with the perfumed, elaborate brilliancy of Moore's license. I would not willingly answer at the bar of God for the writings of either; but of the two, I would rather bear the sin of Chaucer's plain-spoken words, which never suggest more than they say, than the sin of Moore's language, over which plays a witching hue and shade of licentiousness. I would rather put the downright, and often abominable, vulgarity of Swift into my child's hand, than the scoundrel-indirections of Sterne. They are both impure writers; but not equally harmful. The one says what he means; the other means what he does not say. Swift is, in this respect, Belial in his own form; Sterne is Satan in the form of an angel of light: and many will receive the temptation of the angel, who would scorn the proffer of the demon."

A PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN OF OUR IDEAS OF THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL, with an Introductory Discourse concerning Taste. By the Right Hon. Edmund Burke. Adapted to Popular Use by Abraham Mills, A. M., Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. Harper & Brothers.

ESSAYS ON THE NATURE AND PRINCIPLES OF TASTE. By Archibald Alison, L. L. B., F. R. S., with Corrections and Improvements by Abraham Mills, A. M., Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. New York: Harper & Brothers.

These beautiful productions of the masterly pens of Burke and Alison, are familiar to all English scholars,

and are admired wherever they are read. We are happy to see them presented to the public in their present popular form. The American editor has done a service to the scholar, by erasing or altering indelicate passages, translating the quotations from the classics, and adding a series of questions calculated to direct the attention to the important principles and arguments. We hope to see them generally introduced into high schools, seminaries, and colleges.

THE WESLEYAN PSALMIST; or, Songs of Canaan: a Collection of Hymns and Tunes to be Used at Camp Meetings, at Class and Prayer Meetings, and other occasions of Social Devotion. Compiled by M. L. Scudder, of the New England Conference. Boston: D. S. King & Co.—This is the seventh edition of a very popular work. It is printed with accuracy, and on good paper. A valuable pocket companion for one who is able to sing.

A HISTORY OF GREECE. By the Right Rev. Connop Thirlwall, Lord Bishop of St. David's. No. III. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Equal in execution, accuracy, and interest to the preceding numbers.

LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON, Private, Military, and Civil, with illustrations. By Amos Kendall. No. VI. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1844.—This life of an eminent citizen is thus far well written. The typography is beautiful, the paper good, the type large, and the illustrations carefully prepared and executed.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED AND PICTORIAL BIBLE. No. XV.

ON THE FORMATION OF PROFESSIONAL CHARACTER. An Introductory Lecture, delivered Nov. 4, 1844. By John P. Harrison, M. D.—This is a well written address, from the perusal of which we have derived much pleasure. We like its views, its spirit, and its style. We give an extract, over which we advise youthful readers to pause:

"But the alternative of victory or defeat, of success or discomfiture, hangs suspended on this sole condition—PATIENT TOIL. This is the alone exclusive price of the rich guerdon which awaits each one who fairly and punctually pays it down."

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE FRANKLIN LITERARY SOCIETY OF RANDOLPH MACON COLLEGE. By Rev. Professor Doggett—This is a brief but beautiful production, creditable alike to the head and the heart of its author—its sentiments just, and admirably expressed.

GUIDE TO CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.—This pure and beautiful monthly increases in interest, and, we are happy to find, in patronage also. We should be glad to see the whole Church interested in its circulation. The current volume commenced on the first of January. It is published by Waite, Pierce & Co., Boston, and edited by Rev. D. S. King. Price, only \$1 per annum.

NEWBURY BIBLICAL MAGAZINE visits us regularly. It is edited by Professor Willit with spirit and ability, and is highly creditable to our periodical literature. We trust it will be well sustained, and prove instrumental in extending the Redeemer's kingdom.

WESTERN LITERARY JOURNAL AND MONTHLY REVIEW.—We are happy to find this publication well patronized. We predict for it a long and prosperous career.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MESMERISM.—We direct attention to the short but pithy article of Dr. Harrison in the present number. Animal Magnetism originated with Mesmer, a regularly graduated Doctor of Medicine of the University of Vienna, who seems to have been prone, in early life, to investigate the occult and the mysterious; for his inaugural thesis was, "On the influence of the planets on the human body." About the time that Mesmer took his degree, father Hehl, a Jesuit, and teacher of astronomy, who did not exclusively confine his mind to heavenly contemplations, was employing steel plates, impregnated with magnetic virtues, in the cure of disease. Mesmer borrowed the Jesuit's plates, and operated on a new plan, and with more astonishing results. But the old Jesuit was not to be choused out of his mystical discoveries: he claimed all the honor for himself; and after a desperate but bloodless battle, drove Mesmer from the field, who, however, being young, gathered up his feet, and acted on the principle—

"He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

He went on curing, and what he lost in credit he made up in noise. But father Hehl followed so close upon his heels, that he was obliged to run away from Vienna.

It was well that this necessity was laid upon him; for thereby he was induced to go to Paris, the garden of humbugs. No sooner had he announced his arrival there, which happened in 1778, than all Paris was in motion. Saint and sinner, peer and peasant, beau and belle, crowded around the magnetizer, and attested the power of his enchantment. Mesmer thought it important to make a convert from the medical ranks, and was not long in finding the desired instrument in M. D'Eslon; but this D'Eslon, like the fox in the fable, who, while he set the bird to singing, stole the cheese that dropped from her mouth, picked up about \$400,000 from the magnetizees, to the no small discomfort of the magnetizer. Poor Mesmer now appealed to government for sympathy and redress, and was not long in moving the tender mercies of the Queen, who, in consideration of his services to humanity, offered him a life-rent of twenty thousand francs, and a further sum of ten thousand francs, to enable him to provide accommodations for his patients. But this Queen was somewhat wary; and with a caution which redounded "to the riches of her liberality," she stipulated for a committee to be appointed by the government, to report upon the proceedings. Now this miserable committee changed the spirit of Mesmer's dream; and when the Queen was looking from the window of her palace to see him come forward for *l'argent*, behold it was found that money had become sour grapes to his palate, and that, with wonderful expedition, he had quitted France to drink the waters of Spa. Here he remained, obstinately refusing to pour any further light upon the opening intelligence of the world, until some of his faithful followers presented him about sixty thousand dollars, to induce him to bestow upon them his wonderful secrets. This melted his hard heart, and induced him to return to Paris, where the contributors of the aforesaid sum formed a society for the gratuitous propagation of the sublime doctrine which Mesmer had promised to plant in the depths of their souls. Hereupon arose a dispute, Mesmer contending that the Society had no right to make his mind as common as the sun, that pours his rays alike upon the evil and the good.

As the magnetizer found the *Societes de l'Harmonie* (for so the institution was called) rather refractory, having safely deposited the sixty thousand dollars in his pocket, he was seized with a feeling of retirement, and left France that he might "go to his own place," saying, as he departed, "Farewell, Animal Magnetism!" No doubt sunny France became darkened as this great light descended from her vine-clad hills. There is a tradition that, as he passed along the road, the cattle lowed, and seemed to say, "Farewell, brother Mesmer!" and the sheep in the pasture came toward the roadside, and bleated, as if to say, "Farewell, brother Mesmer!" and the waters, as they moved onward their streams of pearly tears, murmured, as though saying, "Farewell, brother Mesmer!" Even the wheels of the carriage caught the general sympathy, and at every revolution seemed to say, "Farewell, brother Mesmer!"

Animal Magnetism is probably one of those few sciences which were commenced and perfected by the same mind. Mesmer, like Aristotle, was a master, and his disciples, we think, have made no improvements upon his doctrine or his practice. We even fear that their rude hands have injured the science. They have certainly simplified the apparatus, and in this respect diminished its charm. Mesmer did not operate in the vulgar method of passes and re-passes, but with complicated and scientific machinery. Look into this room: in the centre is an oaken wash-tub a foot and a half high, filled with iron filings, pounded glass, and bottles of magnetized water, arranged "*secundem artem*." This tub is covered with a piece of timber, from which protrudes, through perforations, long, bent, polished, movable rods of iron. This is the *baquet*, or magnetic tub. Around this you see the patients arranged in successive rows, each one handling a rod connected with the tub. One holds his rod to his sore eye, another to his bruised nose, another to his hard heart, another to his wooden leg, or according to the part to be healed. But, hold! they all seem to be united. O, yes, they are all bound together with a cord passed round their bodies, so that the magnetic stream may pass from one to the other. And now, behold! they become very solemn, and all, old men and children, young men and maidens, put their thumbs together. This establishes a double communication. Look at that beautiful young lady singing and playing so prettily on the piano forte, in the corner of the room. She plays on a magnetized instrument, and with magnetized fingers; and every wave of sound sends its healthful influences into the patients. But who is that man that is loose, with an iron rod twelve inches long, walking round the circle, and holding his rod sometimes before the faces, and sometimes over the heads of his patients, and sometimes laying his hand on their breasts? That is Mesmer. Mark how various the effects! This one feels pain, and another ease: this one takes a chill, and another a heat: this one coughs, and another sneezes. Now, this is scientific. No wonder Paris moved! 'Twas enough to work amazement,

"Or unsphere

The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element."

"But," observes an inquiring reader, "you will admit that there are some mysterious facts connected with Mesmerism." Certainly. To facts well authenticated I humbly bow, even though I may be unable to explain or comprehend them. But when alledged facts are at war with established principles in philosophy, and common sense views of nature, we should require indubitable testimony before we admit them. There are some things in Animal Magnetism I do not doubt; such, for instance, as that a cataleptic condition may be induced in some persons by the magnetizer. "How do you account for the reported cases?"

1. By animal sympathy. It has long been said that the wild beast may be subdued by steadily looking him in the eye, and that refractory horses have been tamed by experienced masters in the same manner. The late Dr. Rush, and many other physicians distinguished for the management of the insane, were accustomed to calm the raving maniac by fixing a steady gaze upon his fiery eyeball.

2. By imagination. This is a wonderful faculty, and its power in the treatment of disease has never been fully understood. We give a few instances. When the news of the discovery of nitrous oxide gas, and of its wonderful effects, first reached Philadelphia, the Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania manufactured some of it, and gave an invitation to the literati and physicians of the city to witness its powers. A sly student entered into the laboratory the night before the exhibition, and emptying the chemist's receivers of the strange gas, filled them with atmospheric air. This innocent breath was duly transferred to the gas-badders, and then to the lungs of the daring men who stepped forward to breathe it; when, lo! it produced all the wonderful effects which had been described in the English papers as resulting from the inhalation of the nitrous oxide gas. One became amorous, another clamorous, a third outrageous, and all sufficiently ridiculous.

The government of France once appointed a committee, consisting of Baily, Lavosier, and Franklin, three of the greatest philosophers of the age, to examine the claims of Mesmerism. The following is an extract from their report:

"That it (Animal Magnetism) is wholly inappreciable by any of the senses, or by any mechanical or chemical process: that they tried it upon themselves, and upon many others, without being able to perceive any thing: that, on blindfolding those who seemed to be most susceptible to its influence, all its ordinary effects were produced when nothing was done to them, but when they imagined they were magnetized; while none of its effects were produced when they were really magnetized, but imagined nothing was done: that, in like manner, when brought under a magnetized tree, nothing happened, if the subjects of the experiment thought they were at a distance from the tree, while they were immediately thrown into convulsions, if they believed they were near the tree, although really at a distance from it: that, consequently, the effects actually produced were produced purely by the imagination: that these effects, though some cures might be wrought, were not without danger, since the convulsions were often violent and exceedingly apt to spread, especially among men feeble in body and weak in mind, and almost universally among women."

An effort was made, some years since, to introduce

Animal Magnetism into England. Mr. Perkins invented what he denominated metallic tractors, an instrument for condensing and applying Animal Magnetism; and having obtained a patent, and received certificates, as he stated, from many of the first literary characters in Europe and America, he trumpeted abroad their fame. But Dr. Falconer, an eminent physician of Bath, brought Mr. Perkins' speculation to a speedy termination. Having made tractors of wood so nearly resembling the metallic ones that it was impossible to distinguish between them by vision, he made experiments upon a large scale on the patients in the hospital, and produced the same effects with the fictitious as with the genuine ones, thus proving the power of the imagination.

3. Embellishment. They who are fond of the marvellous, when they are provided with the body of a wonder, are strongly tempted to add wings to it, that it may waft itself abroad, and they generally find the credulity of their friends capable of appreciating their labors.

4. Knavery. He has studied the character and history of the world to little purpose, who does not know that man, though "made upright, has sought out many inventions."

If there is any thing in Animal Magnetism more than can be accounted for by these means, I have yet to be informed of it. But the inquiry arises, are not many deservedly distinguished physicians believers in Animal Magnetism? Yes, and we strongly suspect that with such we should agree: 1. As to the facts. They would not be likely to receive facts but upon authentic testimony. 2. In disapproving the magnetizer who perambulates the country to profit by the credulity of the multitude. We might, however, dissent to their deductions. No fault more common than hasty generalization.

I am not unreasonably opposed to Animal Magnetism. It has its uses. It enables the magnetizer to provide for his family, congregates the people, and melts down their spiritual essences into a homogeneous mass, creates strong pulsations in many a sluggish heart, and sends new thoughts scampering round many an empty cranium. Still, as it is best to use humbugs as not abusing them, I would humbly suggest that our credulity should be bounded by the following lines:

1. No one can be a magnetizer without being *plus*.
2. No one can be a magnetizee without being *minus*.
3. No magnetizer can operate successfully through Mt. Vesuvius or the Atlantic Ocean.
4. No magnetizer can enjoy free trade with the unseen worlds.

Our friends in the country may be assured that our great *Porkopolis* has enjoyed the luxury of Animal Magnetism this winter. Many a grateful assembly has been charmed, and perhaps many a broken heart mended in this city, since the last equinox, by magnetic virtue.

We remarked that Mesmer's disciples have made no improvement; but it is proper to qualify the observation, for, in some respects, they are in advance of their master. We understand they have a method of influencing their subjects, so as to, without

"Hornpipes, jigs, Strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels."

A very edifying exhibition of this kind is said to have occurred not long since.

We are also informed that a magnetic performer has in process of construction a magnetic organ, composed of human souls, with hungry mouths for the pipes, and

the will of a magnetizer for the bellows. Reader, go to hear:

"And O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek."

And now I fear I have done mischief. I can scarce write any thing without offending somebody. Well, if any of my readers are magnetizers or magnetizees, let them be assured I did not *intend* to hurt their feelings. They will please, therefore, consider my offense *venial*, and not send *the magnetizer* after me. Perchance a lady may say the Editor is out of his sphere. Now she must know that

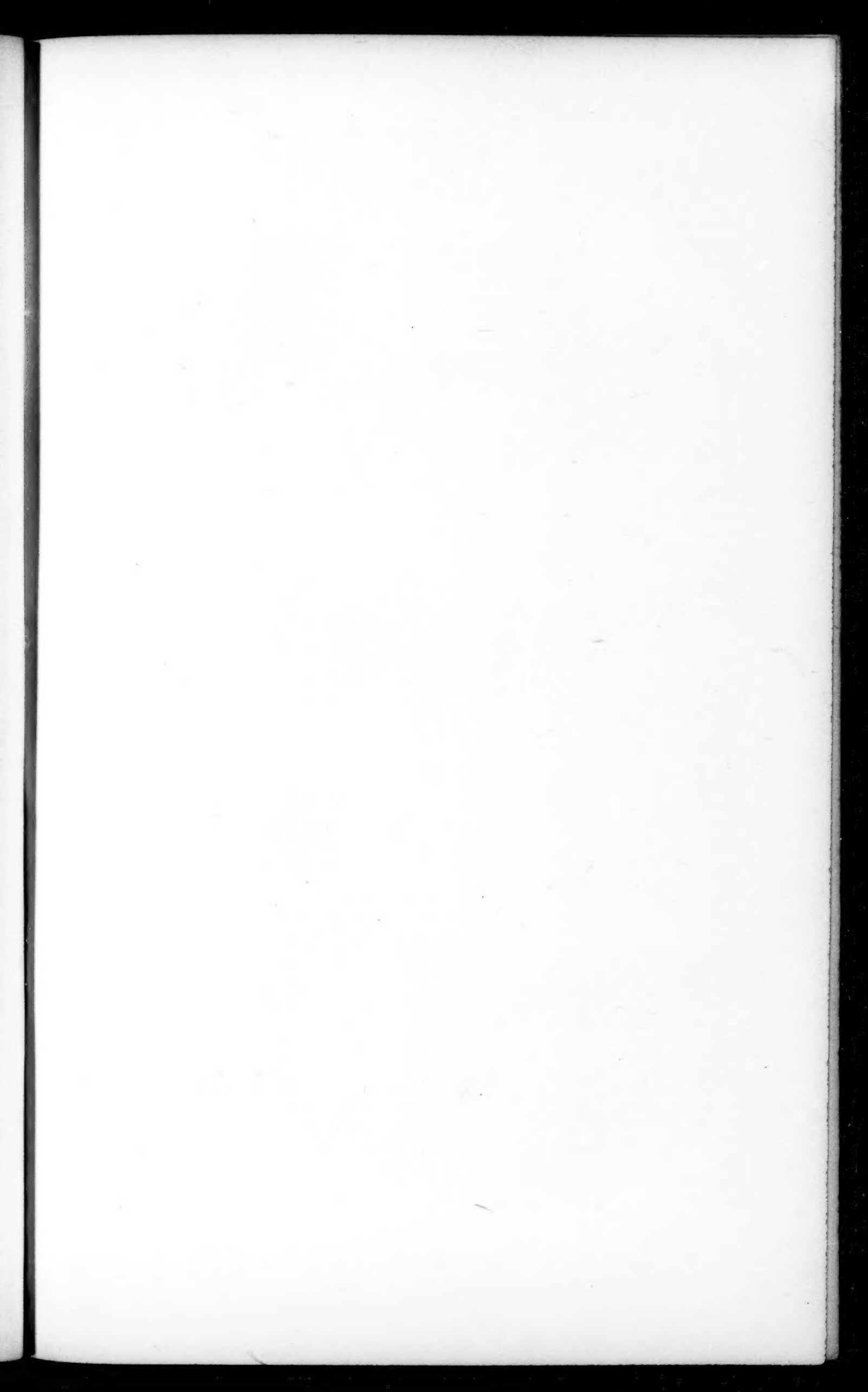
"I claim as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please."

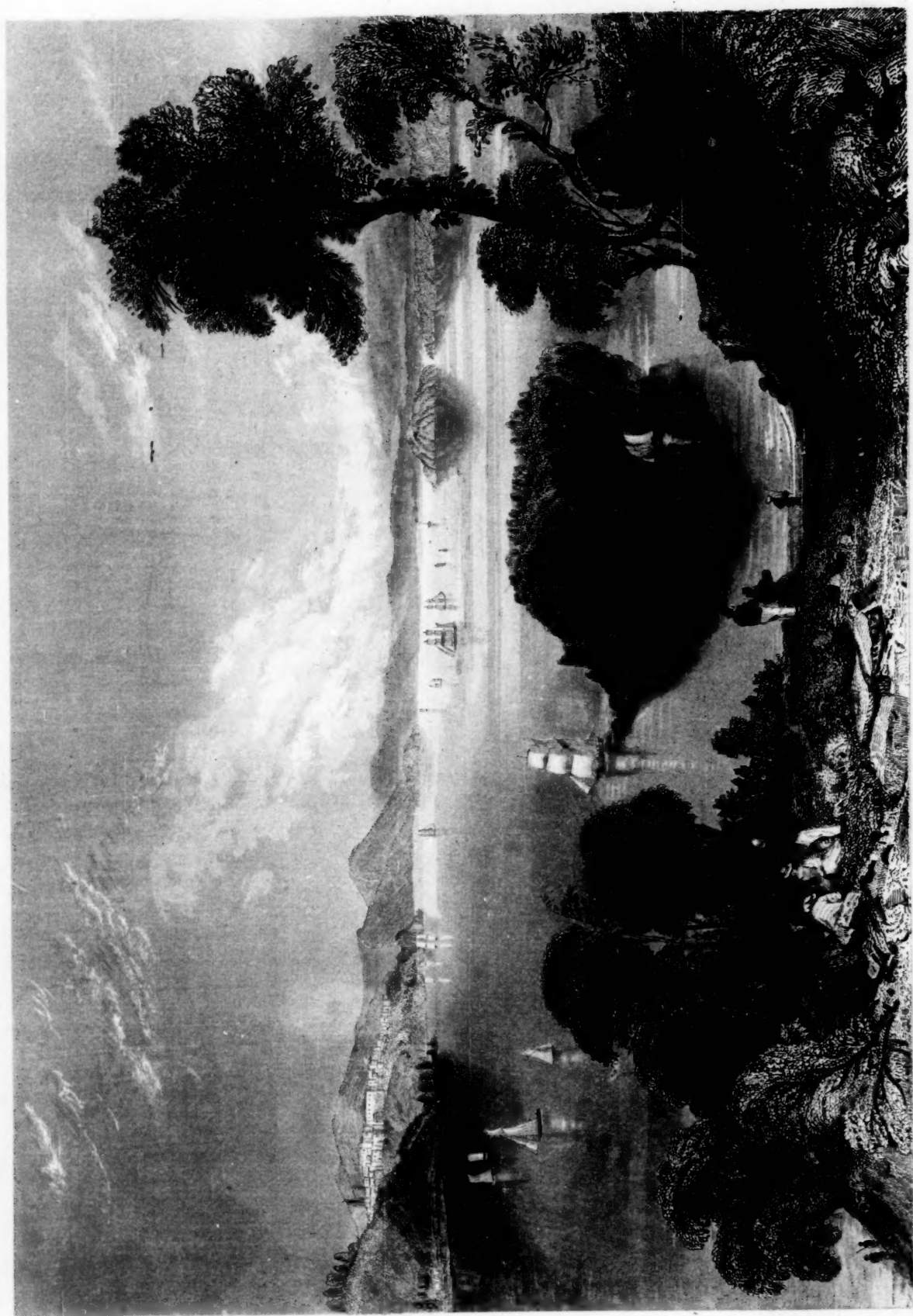
CHINA.—The news from this interesting country is becoming more and more cheering. Our excellent friend and faithful correspondent, Dr. Diver, of this city, has favored us with the last semi-annual letter of the China mission to their friends in America, from which we make the following extracts:

"Since our last communication, the four new ports opened to foreign commerce, viz., Fuchau, Amoy, Ningpo, and Shanghai, have all been visited by British consuls; and in this respect, the stipulations of the treaty have been fulfilled by this government. The intercourse carried on at the three last named ports has been, with some exceptions, harmonious; and generally speaking the people are pleased with the extension of their dealings with foreigners. The field for direct missionary effort, made accessible by the recent arrangements, is confined to these four ports and their immediate vicinity, but the indirect influence upon the people will probably be unlimited.

"At *Hongkong*, the school of the Morrison Education Society has continued under the care of Mr. Brown, and now numbers thirty pupils. At no period of its existence has this school been more flourishing; and the list of scholars could be doubled without much expense if another teacher could be procured. A school has also been commenced with good prospects by the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Shuck; and two others, under the care of Dr. Legge and Mr. Ball, were recently put in operation. Religious services are held in Chinese in several places and times on the Sabbath, at which hundreds of natives attend, and pay respectful attention to the truths expounded; evening services are also maintained in the town during the week, at both of which the exercises are conducted by native assistants. Services in English are held too, on the Sabbath and at other times, at all the places in China wherever the preacher can collect an audience. Some additions have been made to the Churches, of those, we hope, who will be saved. The printing of tracts has been carried on successfully, more than a million of pages having been issued during the last ten months. The buildings of the London Missionary Society at Hongkong are so far completed, that Dr. Legge intends soon to occupy them, and commence a school, designed ultimately to become a seminary. A small dispensary has recently been opened in the bazaar under Mr. Ball's care, where Christian instruction is given, and tracts distributed."

We regret that our space will not allow us to give any further extracts at present.





East Port and Passamaquoddy Bay.